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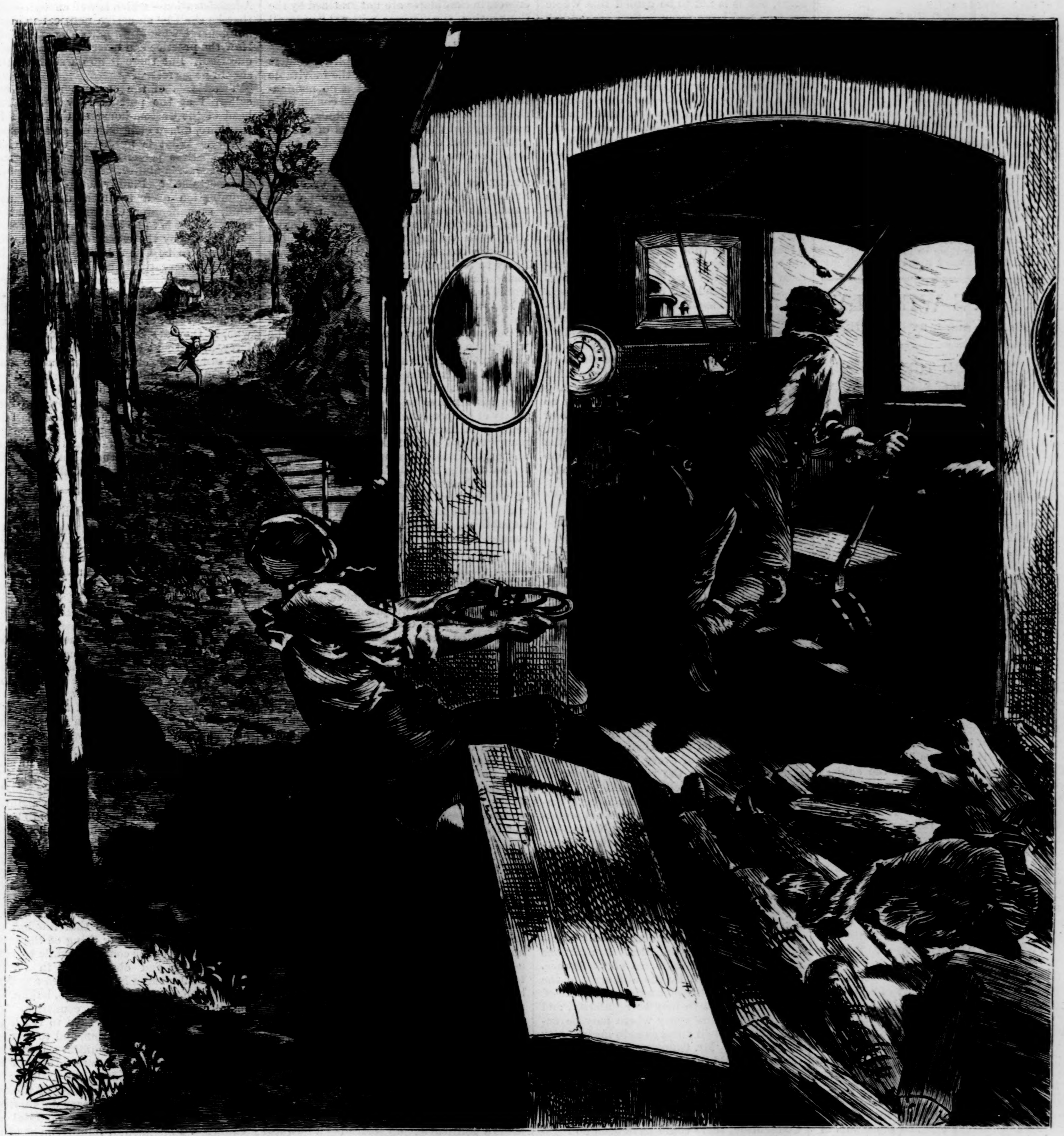
DANGER AHEAD.

THE artist here presents a vivid picture of a railway train in the extremest peril. While thundering on at its accustomed high rate of speed, it comes suddenly upon a curve so sharply drawn that nothing can be seen of the track ahead for a greater distance than a few hundred feet. Something dreadful has evidently occurred just beyond the range of vision; and a heroic man on the spot, and aware of the nearness of the approaching train, dashes forward to meet it and to warn the unsuspecting passengers of their imminent danger. He is bent upon a most important mission, and, oblivious of every thing else, pushes on, wildly waving hat and handkerchief, and calling at the top of his voice for the train to stop. In a moment the engine is in sight. The signal of death is seen, and, quick as thought itself, both engineer and fireman are engaged in a mighty effort to stop the train. The former may be seen with both hands employed—one upon the lever that shuts off the steam, and the other upon the lever which reverses the action of the driving-wheels. The fireman is equally prompt. As soon as the danger is observed he gives the "down brakes!" signal, and then, springing aside with the rapidity of lightning, seizes the wheel of the engine-brake, and, bracing himself for the work, brings all his strength to bear upon it. A few minutes more and the train is at a stand-still, just on the brink of the threatened danger. But it is safe, thanks to the hero of the track, and the brave men of the engine, and many a voice goes up to Heaven from within the cars in praise for the great deliverance.



DANGER AHEAD.—[DRAWN BY W. L. SHEPPARD.]

THE CLOUD CONFINES.

BY DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI.

THE day is dark and the night
To him that would search their heart;
No lips of cloud that will part,
Nor morning song in the light:
Only, gazing alone,
To him wild shadows are shown,
Deep under deep unknown
And height above unknown height.
Still we say as we go,
"Strange to think by the way,
Whatever there is to know,
That shall we know one day."

The Past is over and fled;
Named new, we name it the old;
Thereof some tale hath been told,
But no word comes from the dead;
Whether at all they be,
Or whether as bond or free,
Or whether they too were we,
Or by what spell they have sped.
Still we say as we go,
"Strange to think by the way,
Whatever there is to know,
That shall we know one day."

What of the heart of hate
That beats in thy breast, O Time?—
Red strife from the furthest prime,
And anguish of fierce debate;
War that shatters her slain,
And peace that grinds them as grain,
And eyes fixed ever in vain
On the pitiless eyes of Fate.
Still we say as we go,
"Strange to think by the way,
Whatever there is to know,
That shall we know one day."

What of the heart of love
That bleeds in thy breast, O Man?—
Thy kisses snatched 'neath the ban
Of fangs that mock them above;
Thy bells prolonged unto knells,
Thy hope that a breath dispels,
Thy bitter forlorn farewells,
And the empty echoes thereof?
Still we say as we go,
"Strange to think by the way,
Whatever there is to know,
That shall we know one day."

The sky leans dumb on the sea,
Aweary with all its wings;
And oh! the song the sea sings
Is dark everlastingly.
Our past is clean forgot,
Our present is and is not,
Our future's a sealed seed-plot,
And what betwixt them are we?
What word's to say as we go?
What thought's to think by the way?
What truth may there be to know,
And shall we know it one day?

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 10, 1872.

THE OLD TUNE.

IN reply to a speech of Senator MORTON'S, the other day, Senator THURMAN, of Ohio, who is the ablest of the Democratic leaders in the Senate, said that it had become the custom for Mr. MORTON to sound the key-note of the Republican campaign. He added that Mr. MORTON'S speech against universal amnesty was the beginning of the campaign of 1872. "It is the same old note again," said Mr. THURMAN; "it is the same old tune again; it is the same old horrors of the rebellion; it is the same old wickedness of the instigators of that rebellion; it is the same old terrible suffering that that rebellion entailed upon the country; and it is the same frightful array of ghosts, found nowhere except in the Senator's imagination, of what is to result to this country should the Democratic party ever get into power." Yet at the moment in which Senator THURMAN spoke there was a practical "terror" in very many parts of the States lately in rebellion: an organized and far-reaching conspiracy, the object of which is to menace and to punish white men who would not join the rebellion, and colored men who are the perpetual symbols of its failure.

The old note is therefore inevitable, for it is the old danger. What was the subject upon which the Senators were speaking? It was the Amnesty bill, as amended by Mr. SUMNER'S Civil Rights bill. It was a bill which released the late rebels from certain disabilities, and which also secured the protection of the late slaves. And Senator THURMAN and his party friends, loud for amnesty, opposed the protection. They demanded the utmost generosity for the late slave-holding class, which, to perpetuate slavery, had attempted without cause to destroy the Union in blood, and they refused justice to the late slaves, whom the nation had freed. Senator VICKERS, indeed, a colleague and party friend of Senator THURMAN, had the week before virtually reasserted the dogma of State sovereignty, and had painted in glowing words the delights of slavery. Senator BLAIR, another party friend and colleague, had justified the forcible dispersion of Southern Legislatures, and was immediately, at the last election, nominated for the Vice-Presidency by his party.

The revolting crimes of the Ku-Klux, which make loyalty to the Union and government a perpetual cross to thousands of American citizens in the Southern States, are denied or extenuated by Senator THURMAN'S party. It has never yet acknowledged the conclusive validity of the new amendments. Its last national declaration is that the reconstruction of the Union is revolutionary and void. It declared for virtual repudiation. The Senator's party is to-day passive, hoping to find in the dissensions of the Republicans a breach through which it can press to the citadel of national power. But it does not heartily pronounce for justice and equal rights. It still mumbles the refrain of State sovereignty. His party is the hope of every man in the country who hates the Union, and who prayed and strove for the success of the rebellion. The tune of the party is still the old tune. Its professions and practice are substantially unchanged, and, of course, the attitude of its opponents and their declarations can not but be the same as before.

The denunciation of the Republican policy in the Southern States, like that of England in Ireland, is unfounded. There is in some quarters a strange slowness and apparent reluctance to understand the actual situation, and the evidence and the report of Senator SCOTT'S committee will doubtless do much to give a truer view of the facts. While there is no confiscation, no disfranchisement, no penalty of any kind visited upon the late rebels, the colored and white Union citizens are in constant peril. We do not say that all are so, and at every moment, but it is not to be denied that whole sections and large communities are subject to that terror. The only excuse is that certain leaders of rebellion are ineligible to office. Does that fact make an Ireland of the Southern States? Far from it. As Mr. SHELLABARGER truly said in the House, when the Republicans began to reconstruct, it was not by resting the pyramid upon the apex of a privileged class, but by planting it upon the equal rights of all the people.

And if, as Senator THURMAN and his party friends now claim, there is no remedy for the outrages practiced upon a portion of the citizens in the Southern States but appeals to courts which will not protect, and to juries drawn from the Ku-Klux, then it is time that the United States hastened to provide a remedy. The tune of the campaign is an old tune, because this protection is still necessary. It is idle to say that the laws against the Ku-Klux produced the Ku-Klux. It is equally idle to say that citizens of the United States must submit to the Ku-Klux until it disappears in returning peace and assured prosperity. There have been Republican mistakes in reconstruction. The situation in Louisiana, and the financial crisis in other Southern States, are not defended by any sincere Republican. But whatever may be the perplexities of the situation arising from Republican mismanagement and corruption, the tap-root of Southern disorders is the sympathy with the doctrines and the leaders of the rebellion which is still constantly manifest in the Democratic party.

THE NATIONAL REPUBLICAN CONVENTION.

A FEW months since the New York *Tribune* said: "When a Republican National Convention, fairly chosen, after free consultation and the frank interchange of opinions, shall have nominated Republican candidates for President and Vice-President, we expect to urge all Republicans to give them a hearty, effective support, whether they be or be not of those whose original preference has been gratified. Until that time Mr. GREELEY will maintain the perfect and equal right of every Republican to indicate and justify his preference, whether it favor the incumbent or some other Republican." Nothing could be fairer than this. It expresses the views of every Republican who sincerely feels that the return to power of the party of the rebellion would be a very great calamity, and who, after a frank discussion, would surrender his personal preferences among candidates without hesitation.

In view of this declaration in the *Tribune*, which must be supposed to express Mr. GREELEY'S opinions upon the subject, it was surprising to hear that he had declined, as the New York member of the National Republican Committee, to sign the usual call for the meeting of the Convention. This call is a mere form. It announces only undisputed Republican principles. It mentions no candidate, and indicates no preference. It simply provides, by the authority of the party and by custom, for a time and place of meeting, that there may be regularity, and that Republicans every where may be enabled to cast their votes so as to insure unity and success. Mr. GREELEY has chosen, so far as he could, to frustrate this regularity, and his action necessarily tends to the dissolution of the party.

For evidently, if every member of the committee had declined to sign the call for the Convention, there could have been no regular Republican nomination. There could have been no alternative but original individual action; and there would have been as many conventions as there may be candidates and combinations. In this situation, which would have been the disbanding of the Republican party, the Democratic party would have remained passive, observant, and united; it would have made bargains and alliances for its own purposes; and whether the Republican party could, under such circumstances, have hoped for success, every man may determine. But had it failed, the responsibility must have rested upon those who promoted its dissolution by preventing what is called a regular nomination.

The refusal of Mr. GREELEY to sign the call shows also that he is not now governed by the feeling which inspired the article in the *Tribune* from which we have quoted. That article declares the intention of the paper heartily to support the candidates of the Convention, whether they are its previous personal preferences or not, provided that the Convention is fairly chosen. But as no primary meeting has been held to prepare for the Convention, it can not be said that there is a prospect that the Convention will not fairly represent the party. It is not unjust to assume, therefore, that Mr. GREELEY'S refusal to sign the call springs from his apprehension that a candidate whom he does not like will be nominated; and as, in such matters, Mr. GREELEY and the *Tribune* are identical, the conclusion is that if his original preferences in candidates are not gratified by the Convention, the *Tribune* will *not* "urge all Republicans to give them a hearty, effective support."

But here, also, if other Republican leaders should take the same ground, the inevitable result would be, as before, that no nomination could be made which would concentrate the Republican vote. For the country would naturally feel that if the leaders of the Republicans had deliberately decided that personal preferences were more important than party principles—if the friends of General GRANT, or of Judge TRUMBULL, or of Mr. SUMNER, or of any other gentleman whose name has been suggested, should declare that, if they could not have their candidate, they were willing the Democrats should win—the country, we say, would be very likely to feel that the Republican party was really dissolved, and that the Democrats would certainly win.

Now whatever may be the warmth of the hostility of Mr. GREELEY to the renomination of General GRANT, no one will believe that he wishes the success of the Democratic party. HORACE GREELEY is a Republican, and nothing else. It is not necessary, but it is pleasant, to say that. We gratefully acknowledge his services to the country, and the purity of his personal character. But as the country is more than any citizen, and as party principles are of more importance than any party leader, what we do say is that his refusal to sign the call for the Convention is another illustration of that erratic judgment of which there are familiar instances, and which makes Mr. GREELEY never a doubtful Republican, but often an unsound political counselor.

THE NEW YORK INVESTIGATION.

THAT for many years there have been great irregularities and corruption of many kinds in the New York Custom-house, that they have existed under all administrations, and that they are very largely due to the relaxed moral sense produced by any customs system, and to the principle upon which the positions in the Custom-house have been filled, we have never doubted. With every investigation, therefore, which has been undertaken and conducted with the honest purpose of ascertaining the facts, we have always sympathized. But we are very sure that no investigation which is undertaken for the purpose of making party capital is likely to be really useful. And when the present investigation was proposed we did not feel that it was likely to result in any thing more advantageous to the public welfare than a mass of vehement and contradictory assertion and evidence, in which the inferences and hearsays which would be excluded in a court of law would be admitted.

There are not two opinions, probably, of the present investigation. It has been an effort upon one side to make the whole administration of the Custom-house appear to be as corrupt as possible, and upon the other to break the force of the testimony. There have been three parties concerned: the Administration and anti-Administration Republicans and the Democrats, and each has endeavored to make things look as fair for itself and as foul for the others as possible. The inquiry has had both a factional and a partisan aspect from the beginning, and the chief impression upon the public mind will undoubtedly be that the New York Custom-house is now, as it has been ever since it was made a political agency instead of a business institution, "a pretty hard place."

But the investigation will have this good result, if no other, that it will show the necessity of a radical reform in the civil service. From the time when Mr. SWARTWOUT was appointed by President JACKSON to the present time the office of Collector of New York, as well as of other ports, has been filled by a gentleman who was expected to do very active work for his party in the State. But there is no more reason that the New York Custom-house should be a political bureau than that the Bank of New York should be such an agency. And as for the talk about filling offices with political enemies, and the necessity of patronage, was not the whole civil service officered by political enemies of the Republicans in 1860? and did not the Republican party constitutionally carry the country against the combined force of Democratic principles, policy, patronage, and plunder?

One thing is very clear. So long as the Collector is appointed to be a party manager, and the patronage at his command is left untouched, so long the temptation to use that patronage for political purposes, and not for the public welfare, will be irresistible. Annual investigations will disclose the fact, which might be logically anticipated, that there is great irregularity in the service and bitter discontent in the party. Yet under the present system, with the general acceptance of the custom that the Collector shall be not only in political sympathy with the Administration—which is well enough—but that he shall be an active political lieutenant-general, what else ought to be expected? How the practice can be corrected may be a question. But there is no question that it should be corrected.

Two-thirds of the customs revenue are collected at the port of New York. The head of the Custom-house at that point is, therefore, a man charged with great responsibility. What is needed in the position, after spotless personal character, is great administrative ability. Now how is this to be ascertained? Plainly not by competitive examination of a technical and pedantic kind, says Senator CARPENTER. That is true. But it is to be ascertained, and ascertained only, by the career of the man, just as fitness to be Chief Justice is tested by general observation and high reputation. And the object of a reform of the civil service is to restore the possibility of appointing responsible public officers upon such grounds, and not because of the urgency of politicians, who, if they are Senators and Representatives, are either forbidden by the Constitution to interfere, or whose duty in the matter is strictly defined. We do not see why it should be very difficult to provide a method for doing this: not, indeed, a method which may not be abused, but one which shall increase every probability that the investigations for which the President's regulations provide shall result in the selection of a capable and efficient collector of the customs.

THE JAPANESE EMBASSY.

THE most remarkable incident of the moment in this country is the arrival and the speeches of the Japanese embassadors. It is, however, no "Tommy" affair; and it is with a consciousness that we are not perhaps quite perfect in political wisdom that an American citizen may reflect that Governor ITO, who made the recent striking speech in San Francisco, is not, under our laws, capable of naturalization. It has become so much our habit to consider Asiatics as barbarians that when the BURLINGAME embassy was feasted in New York it was scarcely possible for some of the chief orators upon our side to restrain a tone of humorous sarcasm; and there was a very general popular feeling that the yellow foreigners with almond eyes had as little in common with sensible American citizens as if they had just stepped off the dinner-plates upon which their portraits were painted. Indeed, to call any thing Chinese is to brand it as hopelessly outlandish; and there are a great many Americans who will be very apt to regard our Japanese visitors as if they were Laplanders or Esquimaux.

It will be a most interesting revelation, that of the progress of the reform of Japanese society. In the speech of Governor ITO at San Francisco he said that few but native Japanese knew any thing of the internal condition of the country; while by reading, hearing, and observation in foreign lands, the Japanese have acquired a general knowledge of the constitutions, habits, and manners of most foreign countries. The Japanese are anxious, he says, to reach the highest point of civilization, and to this end they have adopted the military, naval, scientific, and educational institutions of the most enlightened lands. But with the instinct of the Orient, the mother of thought and of religions, the Governor does not exaggerate the importance of material advantages. The mental improvement of the country has been far greater than the material, although the material opened the way.

Despotic sovereigns had held the people in ignorance for ages. With improved material advantages came the consciousness of rights which had been long denied. Within a year the feudal system of many centuries has been entirely abolished, without a shot or a drop of blood. What country in the Middle Ages, proudly asks the orator, broke down its feudal system without war?

He then adds what is perhaps the most remarkable statement of all, that even Japan already sees what the Western nations of the highest civilization see so slowly, that the welfare of the country depends very much upon the education of women. Already Japanese girls—"our maidens," as the Governor calls them—are coming to American schools. The full force of this fact will appear only to those who know what the traditional feeling in regard to women has always been in China and Japan. The embassy has come to observe more closely the details and developments of our government and inventive genius and enterprise, and to gather every kind of valuable suggestion for Japan. Then, says the orator, "the red disk in the centre of our national flag shall no longer appear like a wafer over a sealed empire, but henceforth be in fact what it is intended to be—the noble emblem of the rising sun, moving onward and forward amidst the enlightened nations of the world."

There has been an exchange of courteous messages between the national and local authorities and the Japanese embassadors, and Congress has appropriated fifty thousand dollars for their entertainment while in Washington. Both the good feeling which the embassy expresses and the intelligence with which it studies and appreciates our institutions have been manifested in a very striking degree by Mr. Mori, the resident minister of Japan at Washington; and the advantages to our manufactures and commerce of the opening of a vast and friendly country like Japan are so evident, that, for every reason, the reception of the embassy will undoubtedly be such as to show plainly the cordiality of the national welcome.

CONGRESS AND REFORM.

The Republican State Conventions last year declared for what is called civil service reform. Some of them stated that they meant by it that fitness for the office should be the rule of appointment, and that removals should be made for cause. The President had suggested the reform, and Congress had authorized it at the close of the last session. With that consent—if the authority were needed—the President, after deliberation, adopted a general system, the details of which are in process of settlement under his supervision; and the Republican State Convention of Connecticut resolves that it rejoices "at the brightening prospect of a thorough reform of the civil service," and "for the President's efforts and pledges in this matter we tender him our cordial thanks, and therein we pledge him an enthusiastic, unwavering support." Governor Jewell, also, in his speech of acceptance, alluded to the movement as one which he hoped and believed would be successful. Indeed, the expression of opinion was unequivocal, and there is nothing heartier in the platform.

Proposed by a Republican President, authorized by a Republican Congress, and warmly approved by Republican Conventions, the reform of the civil service must be considered a Republican measure. Yet while Mr. Jenckes, the father of the measure in the House, was a Republican, and Messrs. Sumner, Trumbull, Schurz, Edmunds, Patterson, and others, stanch friends of the reform in the Senate, are Republicans, many of its most positive and contemptuous enemies are also Republicans. The Democrats, of course, wait to see how they can most perplex their opponents, and they will vote accordingly. Now the sympathy and support of Congress are very desirable in a movement to reform the civil service. The question can hardly fail to be discussed during the campaign, and if a House is elected which is opposed to the reform, it will be very generally regarded as an adverse verdict of the people.

The present opposition of Congress is of various kinds. Some honorable gentlemen slide into the chamber along an inclined plane of promises and pledges, and the loss of importance which would follow a loss of patronage would be disagreeable, if not fatal. The chief business of such members is "running the district," not doing their legislative duty; and nothing could seem to them so exquisitely visionary, impracticable, and ridiculous as a proposition that they should be merely consulted like other citizens in regard to appointments, instead of dictating and controlling them as they do now. Others are sincerely of opinion that all the office-holders should be constantly changed, because when the people vote for a President of a certain party, they mean also to vote against every custom-house inspector and postmaster of the opposite party. That this is now practically the interpretation of an election is undeniable; but that the people really prefer a system which is of necessity so corrupting, wasteful, and perilous can not be shown; while the very purpose of the reform is to show that such are the inevitable results of the system.

There are others who think that it is unconstitutional. But how can it be unconstitutional for the appointing power to satisfy itself by such methods as it may prefer of the fitness of applicants for office? Is it constitutional for the President to take the word of a Senator or Representative in regard to the fitness of a candidate, and unconstitutional to take the word of those who have investigated and tested his fitness? The Constitution confers, under certain regulations, the power of appointment to certain offices upon the President. A person of whom he knows nothing is recommended to him for an office. Does any one believe that he delegates the power of appointment to the man or men whom he asks to report to him upon the fitness of the candidate? Senator Carpenter thinks that he does. The Senator's views of the Constitution are original.

Those who complain that the President's plan creates a caste, by making the tenure of office permanent, forget that the plan is also opposed because it does no such thing. If the present system is not one of caste, it is because the power of removal is virtually unrestricted. So it will be under the President's plan. But that plan contemplates removal because of dishonesty or inefficiency, not because somebody thinks the incumbent "unsound." Unless the President is profoundly mistaken, the intelligent public opinion of the country prefers that appointments to the minor offices should be made because of fitness, not of favor. The President's purpose is plain. It is to recover the constitutional independence of his office. That office, as Senator Carpenter contends, is of limited powers. Nevertheless it has certain powers, however limited, and their independence is essential to the public welfare. If Congress does not like the President's method of securing that independence, let it make a better method law; and undoubtedly the President will gladly execute it.

PERSONAL.

In Mr. Shakspeare's "Julius Cæsar," Mr. Antony observes:

> "The evil that men do lives after them;
> The good is oft interred with their bones."

We make the quotation in proof of the fact that the reputation of good men travels until it gets even among the Indians. Not long since, at a Methodist quarterly meeting at the Oneida Indian Reservation, the presiding elder invited those wishing their children to be baptized to bring them forward. To one of these sucklings the mother gave the name of Lee Shepard. Thus we see how the virtue and the vigor of the famous Boston publishers and booksellers, Lee & Shepard, has penetrated into the lands and wigwams of the noble red men, and that the squaw of the period desires no higher fame than that her papoose shall go abroad in the world as a peripatetic sign-bearer of those excellent young men.

—President White has secured a prize for Cornell University in purchasing the library of the late Jared Sparks, 6000 volumes, for $12,000. When this is added to Mr. White's library of 12,000 volumes and Mr. Goldwin Smith's large collection, the Cornell will have one of the best libraries in the country. Within two months a new stone fire-proof library building, erected at a cost of $150,000, will be completed. American history is to be a prominent feature at Cornell. Professor Green, of Providence, than whom no one is better qualified, is to treat of the Revolutionary period, and Professor Dwight, of Columbia College, in this city, is to give a course on the formation of the Constitution.

—Mr. Dawes, of Massachusetts, has seasons of jocularity. On being asked the other day in the House of Representatives by an antediluvian whether Mr. Fernando Wood was still in the House, he replied, "Wood is in the House, but not still."

—Mr. Speaker Carter, who, with Governor Warmoth, is now prominent in the politics of Louisiana, is a young man, and eight or ten years ago was an eloquent preacher in Virginia. He was a colonel in the Confederate army, but, getting into trouble with his superiors, went to New Orleans, and entered a firm of Armstrong-gun manufacturers. Butler broke this up. After the war he went into politics, and was soon recognized as a man of brilliant parts, and a skillful manager. He has also the reputation of being one of the most accomplished conversationists in Louisiana.

—In olden time the notion about a State-prison was that it was merely a place for punishment. In our idea we have joined to punishment how to reform. And certainly one of the most obviously good plans is the following, contained in a letter we have just received from the agent of a State-prison in a Western State. He says: "This institution has over 600 inmates. More than 400 draw a ration of tobacco every week. The expenditure for the weed in 1870 exceeded $2000. For library books the expenditure was less than $500. Not a magazine was allowed 'within the gates.' I have allowed convicts to receive at their own expense any of the standard magazines of the day for two months past, and at the beginning of this month offered to furnish any magazine, that did not exceed the price of *Harper's*, to any man that had a year to serve, and would give up tobacco. *One hundred and fifty* have thrown up tobacco for a magazine, and more than one hundred, I think, will take *Harper*." In the same inclosure is a note from the Deputy-Warden, in which he speaks of "the eagerness with which *Harper's Weekly* is sought," and the good influence it exerts. There is sense, foresight, and humanity among the officers of at least one of our State-prisons.

—Desirous of perpetuating in poetic form the fact that the heir to the British throne had been indisposed, the ranking poet of the Chicago *Post* has experienced the divine afflatus in the herewith verse:

> "At Sandringham, the Prince
> Of Wales is getting round his
> Illness; his wife's sis-
> ter, Thyra's got the jaundice."

—Our German readers may be pleased to learn that a proposition is on foot in Germany to erect a monument to Field-Marshal General Count von Moltke at his birth-place, Parchim, in Mecklenburg, and that all admirers of the gallant general are invited to subscribe for that object.

—One of the oldest mission Sunday-schools in the city is the Elm Street Mission, at No. 119 of that street. It was organized thirty-two years ago by a number of ladies and gentlemen who were touched by the degradation of the children of the Five Points and thereabout. Of the rough boys gathered into the school three became clergymen, and one—then a boot-black—is now a deacon in a well-known church in this city. It has 185 scholars on the roll, and seventy-eight girls in attendance on the Saturday Sewing-school. It is greatly in need of funds, and those who would contribute may send to Mr. Alonzo Austin, No. 200 Chambers Street.

—There is one name which for years has been daily bandied about in the columns of the press, which has never been printed in the "personals" of the *Weekly* or the *Bazar*. His was that sort of "bad eminence" described by Milton; and the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher has embalmed him in the following gentle sentences: "And that supreme mountebank of fortune—the astounding event of this age: that a man with some smartness in business, but absolutely without moral sense, and as absolutely devoid of shame as the desert of Sahara is of grass—that this man, with one leap, should have vaulted to the very summit of power in New York, and for seven to ten years should have held the courts in his hands, and the Legislature and the most consummate invested interest of the land in his hands, and laughed at England and laughed at New York, and matched himself against the financial skill of the whole city, and outwitted the whole, and rode out to this hour in glaring and magnificent prosperity—shameless, vicious, criminal, abominable in his lusts, and flagrant in his violation of public decency—that this man should have been the supremest there; and yet in an instant, by the hand of a fellow-culprit, God's providence struck him to the ground! And yet I say to every young man who has looked upon this glaring meteor, and seen his course of prosperity, and thought that perhaps integrity was not so necessary, 'Mark the end of the wicked man,' and turn back again to the ways of integrity."

—One of Ohio's ablest lawyers and scholars, William S. Groesbeck, has been spending a few weeks in the best of New York's best society. He is a man of remarkable presence, and would be picked out in any assemblage as a person of talent. He is of an old and wealthy family, but has not been much in the general eye of the East. His intellectual and legal force among the greater lawyers of the nation was acknowledged by his being retained as one of the counsel of ex-President Johnson, when that personage was on his impeachment before the court composed of the Supreme Court of the United States and the United States Senate. His closing speech on that occasion was a production of marked ability.

—Senator Sherman's re-election to the United States Senate calls out from an Ohio gentleman a reminiscence narrating how Sherman and Colfax first became acquainted. It was at the Philadelphia Convention that nominated General Taylor for the Presidency, and it was Sherman's first appearance in national politics. He was a delegate to the Convention. When, in the organization, it came to the election of secretary, an Ohio delegate stated that he had a young man he desired to nominate, and added that if elected it would probably be the only official position he would ever hold, as he hailed from a hopelessly Democratic district. He was unanimously chosen. An Indiana delegate nominated a young man from that delegation as assistant secretary, and made a similar speech concerning him; and he was chosen. It was Schuyler Colfax, and there he and Sherman first met, and shook hands at the secretary's desk.

—Saxe is becoming personal. Stopping recently at a hotel and demanding victual, they brought him that which they called beefsteak, but which Saxe said was something that appeared to be "an infringement on Goodyear's patent."

—The one transcendent orator in the legislative bodies of Europe is Emilio Castelar, of Spain, who, though only thirty-three years of age, has won a distinction for eloquence that is probably unequaled by any statesman in the Old World or the New. Colonel John Hay gives the following sketch of him as he was at his best one evening at the Cortes: "Whatever may be said of his enduring influence on legislation, it seems to me there can be no difference of opinion in regard to his transcendental oratorical gifts. There is something almost superhuman in the delivery. He is the only man I have ever seen who produces in very truth those astounding effects which I have always thought the inventions of poets and the exaggerations of biography. Robertson, speaking of Pitt's oratory, said, 'It was not the torrent of Demosthenes, nor the splendid conflagration of Tully.' This ceases to be an unmeaning metaphor when you have heard Castelar. Never, for an instant, is the wonderful current of declamation checked by the pauses, the hesitations, the deliberations, that mark all Saxon debate. An entire oration will be delivered with precisely the fluent energy which a veteran actor exhibits in the most passionate scenes; and when you consider that this is not conned beforehand, but is struck off instantly in the very heat and spasm of utterance, it seems little short of inspiration....His memory is prodigious, and under perfect discipline. He has the world's history at his tongue's end. No fact is too insignificant to be retained, nor too stale to do service....With his great gifts, he might command any thing from the government as the price of his support. But he preserves his austere independence, living solely upon his literary labor and his modest salary as Professor of History in the university."

—Sir Henry Holland, very well known and agreeably remembered by many people in New York, has recently published a charming book of "Reminiscences of Past Life," in which the pleasant times he has had with the cleverest and most distinguished people of Europe and America for the last fifty years are agreeably told. He alludes to his acquaintance with "Mr. W. *H.* Evarts," formerly United States Attorney-General; Mr. "Staunton," late Secretary of War; and Mr. "Colquhon" (meaning John C. Calhoun), a contemporary of Daniel Webster. There are many other personal allusions equally accurate and diverting.

—By way of encouraging simplicity, so far as invitations to dinner are concerned, President Thiers sends a card of this sort, "The President of the French Republic and Madame Thiers pray that M.—— will do them the honor of coming to dinner on Saturday at the Presidency."

—A memorial in favor of M. Elisée Reclus, author of "The Earth" and other important works, and who is now under sentence of banishment from France, has been drawn up and signed by many scientific men, including Professor Owen and Mr. Darwin.

—Dr. R. Shelton Mackenzie, to use one of the phrases of the time, has very deftly and thoroughly "polished off" Mr. John Forster, who, in his recently published "Life of Charles Dickens," questions the statement of Dr. Mackenzie that Dickens was indebted to George Cruikshank for the idea and all the characters of "Oliver Twist." Dr. Mackenzie knows the value of facts and dates, and is never caught tripping. He therefore very neatly turns the tables on Mr. Forster by publishing a letter from Mr. Cruikshank, in which he says that "'Oliver Twist' was entirely my own idea and suggestion, and all the characters are mine. And this will account for the fact of 'Oliver Twist' being very different from his other writings." The doctor then politely hands Cruikshank over to Forster to settle the question of veracity between themselves, and gracefully retires from the scene.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

A joint resolution favoring the acquisition of Cuba by the United States was introduced in the Senate by Mr. Blair, of Missouri, January 22. On the same day Mr. Morgan, of Ohio, moved in the House to suspend the rules and pass the joint resolution proposing to amend the Constitution by making naturalized citizens eligible to the Presidency and Vice-Presidency. The motion was lost by a vote of yeas 91, nays 75—the former being less than the requisite two-thirds. Immediately thereafter Mr. Garfield, of Ohio, reported a bill, which was passed, appropriating $50,000 to defray the expenses of the Japanese embassy. The House Apportionment bill, as reported in the Senate January 23, is materially altered. The present number of Representatives is retained, but under the new apportionment each of the New England States, except Connecticut, loses one member, and New York loses three. The Chicago Relief bill was passed by the Senate, January 24, as reported by the committee; but on the following day a motion was made for its reconsideration, pending which the Amnesty bill was called up, and the matter was made the special order for the following Monday. In the House, January 25, the Naval Committee reported a Naval Appropriation bill asking for $17,943,347. The Senate Judiciary Committee on the same day reported unanimously the opinion that amendments fourteen and fifteen of the Constitution do not confer the right of female suffrage. The Pension Appropriation bill, calling for $30,480,000, was adopted by the House January 26.

In the State Legislature, Mr. Strahan introduced an important bill, January 20, forbidding directors and officers of railroads to speculate in the stock of the same. The bill extending the term of the New York General Sessions Grand Jury has been signed. The nomination of John T. Hudson as State Commissioner of Charities has been approved. Mr. O'Brien on January 24 presented a bill vacating the office of every Erie director, and ordering a new election of officers in July. In the Senate, on the following day, the Committee of the Whole, after considerable debate, passed the Assembly bill for payment of the claims against the city and county of New York.

Rev. G. H. Hepworth has organized his new church, having on the first list of members 150 families.

Tweed, Connolly, and Hall are still in town.

George Washington Bowen, who claims to be a son of General George Washington, has entered suit in the United States Circuit Court to recover possession of the Jumel estates.

Prince Alexis is still in the West. On January 24 he was received by the Missouri Legislature in joint session.

Mrs. Wharton was acquitted by the jury January 24. She is to be tried in April for attempting to poison Van Ness.

George Botts was executed at Newark, New Jersey, January 26, for the murder of "Pet" Halsted. He made no confession, and died apparently without pain.

George Hepner, a German tailor, living at 511 East Eleventh Street, in this city, while under the influence of liquor, shot his only son dead, and then attempted to take his own life. The affair took place on Grand Street at mid-day of January 27.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The French budget for 1872 shows an estimated expenditure of about £97,000,000, exclusive of nearly £13,000,000 set down for departmental charges.

The trial of the Communists for the murder of the Paris hostages has resulted in the condemnation of several of the prisoners. Genton was condemned to death, and others were transported. There were also some acquittals.

M. Thiers will not address the Assembly hereafter, except on important occasions.

Marshal M'Mahon has declined to become a candidate for the Vice-Presidency of the French republic.

Victor Place, formerly French consul in this city, has been sentenced to two years' imprisonment and a fine of 2000 francs.

Jean Gilbert Victor Fialin, Duke de Persigny, died at Nice, Italy, January 12, aged sixty-four.

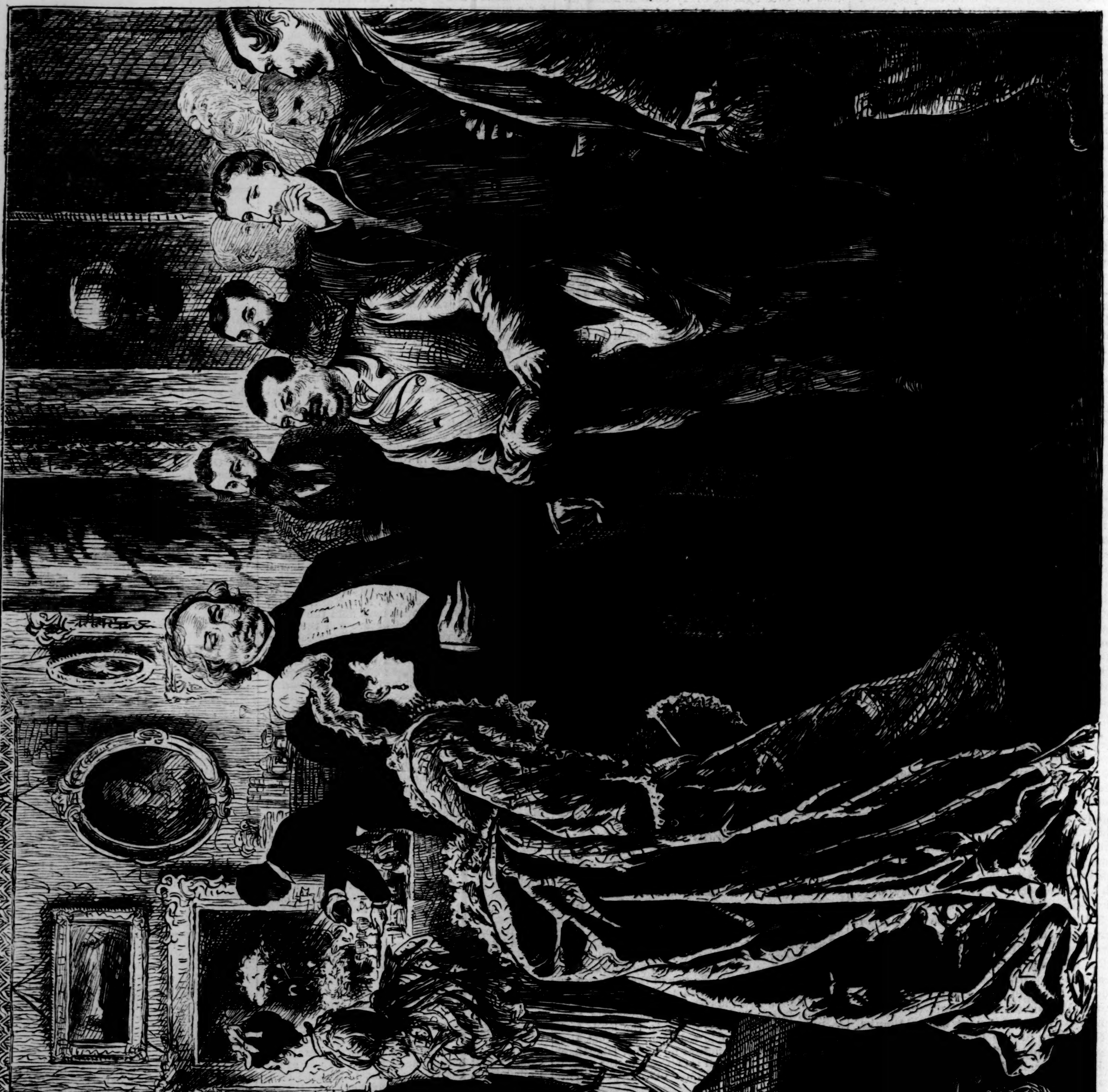
The Prince of Wales will start upon a Mediterranean cruise, on board the royal yacht, as soon as fine weather sets in.

Another ministerial crisis has arisen in Spain, and, as a consequence, the Senate and Congress are again to be dissolved. Elections for the new Cortes are ordered for April 2, and the assembly will meet April 24. There is great agitation in Madrid, and the troops are under arms.

Mr. Catacazy, the late Russian minister at Washington, is on his way home, having left New York by steamer January 20.

The Queen of Greece has been safely delivered of a son, her fourth child.

A new Italian loan of 300,000,000 lire is proposed.



A NEW YORK POLITICIAN'S RECEPTION.—[Drawn by W. J. Hennessy.]

A NEW YORK POLITICIAN'S RECEPTION.

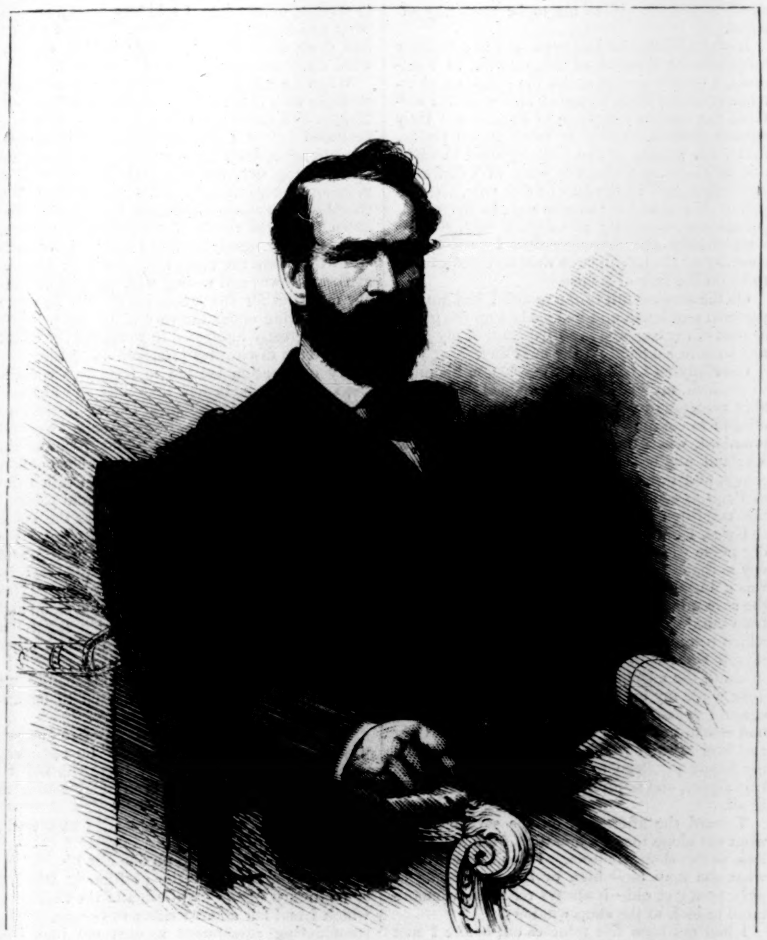
There is not a politician who keeps "open house" on New-Year's Day, in any of the large cities, who will not appreciate the drawing which appears on this page. Especially is this true of the Tammany leaders in the metropolis, whose houses are overrun from early morn till early morn again with callers of nearly every grade of life. The majority, however, are of the lowest orders, comprising pugilists, rum-sellers, ballot-box stuffers, election repeaters, corner loafers, and even common thieves. Men then venture to call who would not dare to show themselves at the basement door of the same house on any other day.

In our engraving a caller of this class has just presented himself with "Th' compliments av th' sazen to yez." The ladies and gentlemen present are evidently annoyed, but what can the fair hostess do? She is bound to serve the interests of her husband, and to smile as pleasantly upon this ruffian as she would on the clergyman of the parish were he to call. The scene illustrated by the artist represents one of the most characteristic features of a New-Year's Day in New York.

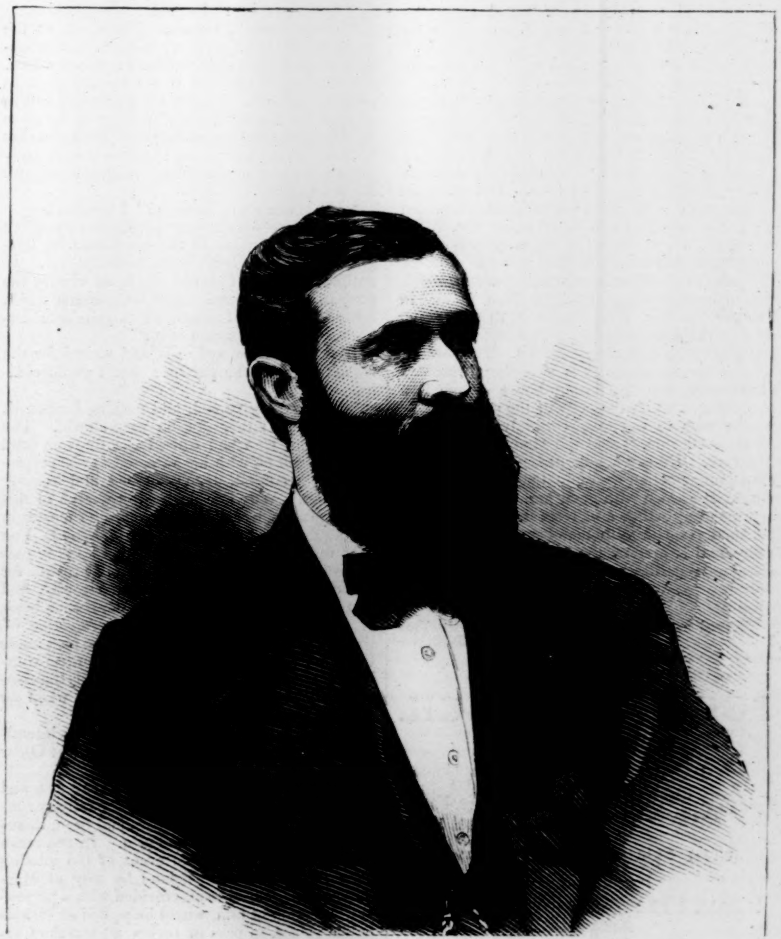
THE HON. S. S. COX.

The Hon. Samuel Sullivan Cox, M.C., was born in Zanesville, Ohio, September 30, 1824. His father, E. T. Cox, of Zanesville, was a printer, and a member of the Ohio Senate in 1832–33. His grandfather, General James Cox, of Monmouth, New Jersey, fought at the battles of Brandywine, Germantown, and Monmouth. He was a personal friend of Thomas Jefferson, was elected to Congress in 1808, and died while a member. The mother of S. S. Cox was a daughter of Samuel Sullivan, who was Treasurer of Ohio in 1818, and had a high reputation for probity. Mr. Cox attended the Ohio University at Athens, but subsequently became a student of Brown University, Rhode Island, where he paid his expenses by means of literary labor, graduating with honor in the class of 1846. His attachment to Rhode Island was shown the other day in Congress when the statue of Roger Williams was presented.

After studying law, and practicing the profession for two or three years, Mr. Cox went to Europe, and on his return published "The Buckeye Abroad," a well-written and popular book. Returning in 1853, Mr. Cox became owner and editor of the Columbus *Ohio Statesman*, the Democratic organ of the State. In 1855 he was tendered the secretaryship of legation to England, but declined, being unable satisfactorily to dispose of the *Statesman*. Subsequently, in the same year, he accepted the secretaryship of legation to Peru, but on account of ill health was compelled to resign. He was elected a Representative from the Columbus District to the Thirty-fifth, Thirty-sixth, Thirty-seventh, and Thirty-eighth Congresses. During his Congressional career he has served as a member of the Committee on Foreign Affairs, and as one of the regents of the Smithsonian Institution. He is still a member of the board. He was the nominee of his party for Speaker against Mr. Colfax in the Thirty-eighth Congress. Although in the minority, he accomplished many reforms, especially as to the rules. On his motion, the Committee of Ways and Means was divided into three committees—Banking and Currency, Ways and Means, and Appropriations. He is now a member of the Committee on Banking and Currency, as well as Rules, and is charged



HON. S. S. COX.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.—[SEE PAGE 124.]



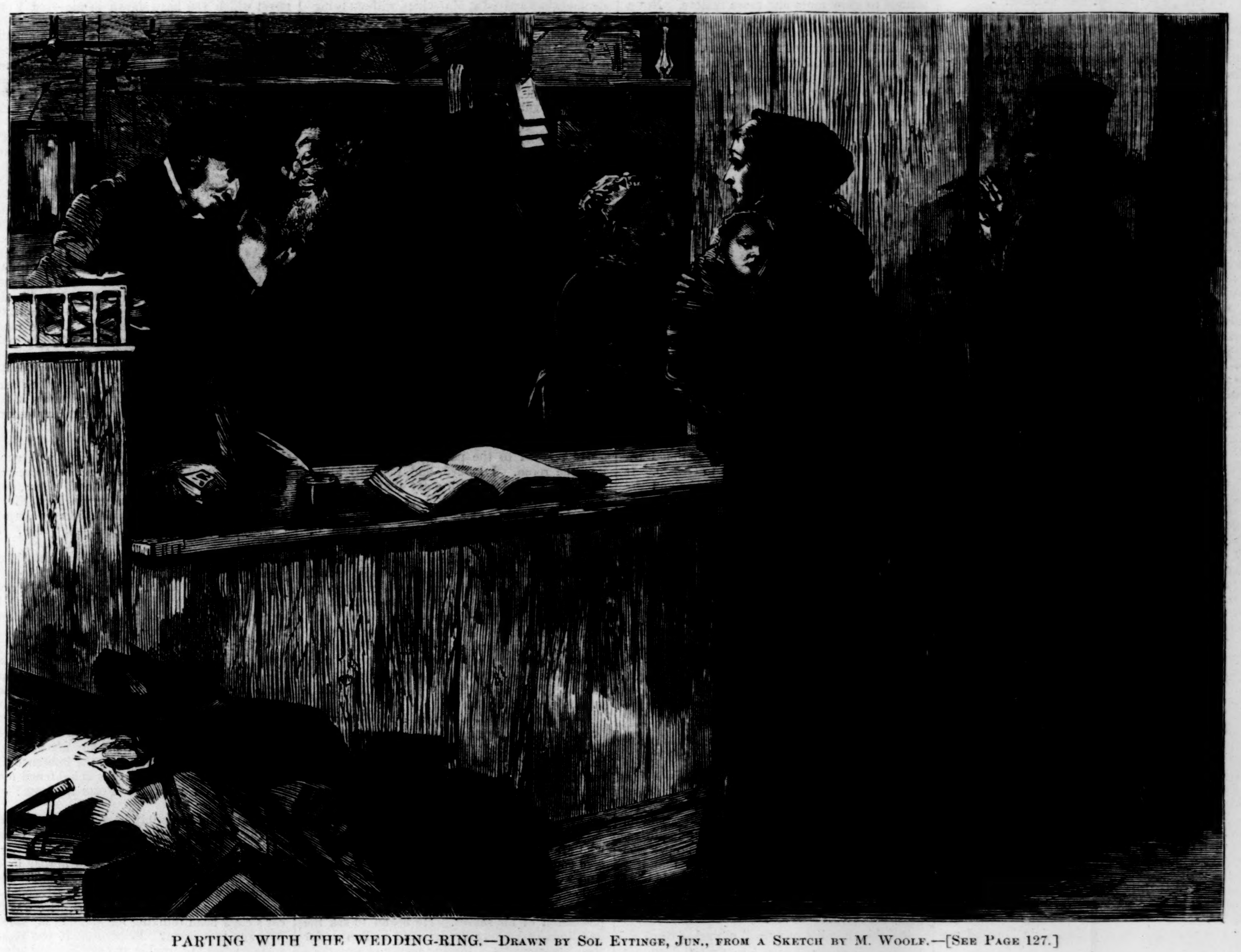
GOVERNOR NOYES, OF OHIO.—[SEE PAGE 127.]

with the duty of inquiring into the question of resumption of specie payments, of which he has been a persistent advocate.

In March, 1865, Mr. Cox removed to this city, and in that year published a book entitled "Eight Years in Congress." The work is dedicated to his constituents in Ohio, to whom he says:

"I represented you truly when I warned and worked from 1856 to 1860 against the passionate zealotry of North and South; when I denounced, in and out of Congress, the bad fallacy and worse conduct of the secessionists; when I voted to avert the impending war by every measure of adjustment; and when, after war came, by my votes for money and men, I aided the administration in maintaining the Federal authority over the insurgent States. Sustained by you, I supported every measure which was constitutional and expedient to crush the rebellion. At the same time I have freely challenged the conduct of the administration in the use of the means committed to it by a devoted people. Believing that a proper use of such means would bring peace and union, and believing in no peace as permanent unless it were wedded to the Union in love and contentment, I have omitted no opportunity to forward these objects. This I have done in spite of threats and violence. For doing it your confidence has not been diminished, but increased."

Soon after the publication of the above-mentioned work, Mr. Cox made another visit to Europe, spending his time while abroad chiefly on the islands and shores of the Mediterranean. He gave to the public, as the result of his observations, a volume, which was published in London and New York, entitled "A Search for Winter Sunbeams," a work much more elaborate and



PARTING WITH THE WEDDING-RING.—DRAWN BY SOL EYTINGE, JUN., FROM A SKETCH BY M. WOOLF.—[SEE PAGE 127.]

philosophical than books of travel generally. Mr. Cox is a successful author, and a popular lecturer on literary themes. The latest subjects upon which he has appeared upon the platform were "Spain" and the "Poetry of Mechanism."

In 1868 Mr. Cox was elected a representative from the Sixth District of New York to the Forty-first Congress, and in 1870 was re-elected over Mr. Horace Greeley. No member of the minority has taken a more important part in the proceedings than Mr. Cox. His principal efforts have been made on subjects connected with the tariff. Graduating under Dr. Wayland, at Brown University, he early became interested in discussions of that nature. One of his prize essays at college, which was successful, was upon the "Repeal of the Corn Laws," in 1846. He has been constant in protesting against the doctrine of "protection," presenting his views with elaborate statistics. The revenue reform he contemplates is sweeping, believing, as he does, that the custom-house system is a perpetual fraud on the body of the people.

Few men in Congress, certainly none on the Democratic side, "hold the House" better than Mr. Cox. He is a ready, graceful, self-possessed, vigorous debater, so mingling argument with wit, and sarcasm with good humor, as always to command attention and respect. He is a high personal favorite with members, irrespective of party, and is ever on the alert to serve his constituents, regardless of politics.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1871, by Harper & Brothers, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.]

POOR MISS FINCH.

A Domestic Story.

By WILKIE COLLINS,

Author of "The Woman in White," "No Name," "The Moonstone," "Man and Wife," etc.

WITH ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

MADAME PRATOLUNGO'S NARRATIVE RESUMED.

CHAPTER THE FORTY-SIXTH.

THE ITALIAN STEAMER.

Lucilla's Journal has told you all that Lucilla can tell. Permit me to reappear in these pages. Shall I say, with your favorite English clown, reappearing every year in your barbarous English pantomime, "Here I am again: how do you do?" No—I had better leave that out. Your clown is one of your national institutions. With this mysterious source of British amusement let no foreign person presume to trifle!

I arrived at Marseilles, as well as I can remember, on the fifteenth of August.

You can not be expected to feel my interest in good Papa. I will pass over this venerable victim of the amiable delusions of the heart as rapidly as respect and affection will permit. The duel (I hope you remember the duel?) had been fought with pistols, and the bullet had not been extracted when I joined my sisters at the sufferer's bedside. He was delirious, and did not know me. Two days later, the removal of the bullet was accomplished by the surgeon in attendance. For a time he improved after this. Then there was a relapse. It was only on the first of September that we were permitted to hope that he might still be spared to us.

On that date I was composed enough to think again of Lucilla, and to remember Mrs. Finch's polite request to me that I would write to her from Marseilles.

I wrote briefly, telling the damp lady of the rectory (only at greater length) what I have told here. My main motive in doing this was, I confess, to obtain, through Mrs. Finch, some news of Lucilla. After posting the letter I attended to another duty which I had neglected while my father was in danger of death. I went to the person to whom my lawyer had recommended me, to institute that search for Oscar which I had determined to set on foot when I left London. The person was connected with the police, in the capacity (as nearly as I can express it in English) of a sort of private superintendent—not officially recognized, but secretly trusted for all that.

When he heard of the time that had elapsed without any discovery of the slightest trace of the fugitive, he looked grave, and declared, honestly enough, that he doubted if he could reward my confidence in him by proving himself to be of the slightest service to me. Seeing, however, that I was earnestly bent on making some sort of effort, he put a last question to me in these terms:

"You have not described the gentleman yet. Is there, by lucky chance, any thing remarkable in his personal appearance?"

"There is something very remarkable, Sir," I answered.

"Describe it exactly, ma'am, if you please."

I described Oscar's complexion. My excellent superintendent showed encouraging signs of interest as he listened. He was a most elegantly dressed gentleman, with the gracious manners of a prince. It was quite a privilege to be allowed to talk to him.

"If the missing man has passed through France," he said, "with such a remarkable face as that, there is a fair chance of finding him. I will set preliminary inquiries going at the railway station, at the steam-packet office, and at the port. You shall hear the result to-morrow."

I went back to good Papa's bedside—satisfied, so far.

The next day my superintendent honored me by a visit.

"Any news, Sir?" I asked.

"News already, ma'am. The clerk at the steam-packet office perfectly well remembers selling a ticket to a stranger with a terrible blue face. Unhappily, his memory is not equally good as to other matters. He can not accurately call to mind either the name of the stranger or the place for which the stranger embarked. We know that he must either have gone to some port in Italy or to some port in the East. And, thus far, we know no more."

"What are we to do next?" I inquired.

"I propose—with your permission—sending personal descriptions of the gentleman, by telegraph, to the different ports in Italy first. If nothing is heard of him in reply, we will try the ports in the East next. That is the course which I have the honor of submitting to your consideration. Do you approve of it?"

I cordially approved of it, and waited for the results with all the patience that I could command.

The next day passed, and nothiug happened. My unhappy father got on very slowly. The vile woman who had caused the disaster (and who had run off with his antagonist) was perpetually in his mind, disturbing him and keeping him back. Why is a destroying wretch of this sort, a pitiless, treacherous, devouring monster in female form, allowed to be out of prison? You shut up in a cage a poor tigress, who only eats you when she is hungry, and can't provide for her dear little children in any other way, and you let the other and far more dangerous beast of the two range at large under protection of the law! Ah, it is easy to see that the men make the laws. Never mind. The women are coming to the front. Wait a little. The tigresses on two legs will have a bad time of it when *we* get into Parliament.

On the fourth of the month the superintendent wrote to me. More news of the lost Oscar already!

The blue man had disembarked at Genoa, and had been traced to the station of the railway running to Turin. More inquiries had been, thereupon, sent by telegraph to Turin. In the mean time, and in the possible event of the missing person returning to England by way of Marseilles, experienced men, provided with a personal description of him, would be posted at various public places, to pass in review all travelers arriving either by land or sea, and to report to me if the right traveler appeared. Once more my princely superintendent submitted this course to my consideration, and waited for my approval —and got it, with my admiration thrown in as part of the bargain.

The days passed—and good Papa still vacillated between better and worse.

My sisters broke down, poor souls, under their anxieties. It all fell as usual on my shoulders. Day by day my prospect of returning to England seemed to grow more and more remote. Not a line of reply reached me from Mrs. Finch. This in itself fidgeted and disturbed me. Lucilla was now hardly ever out of my thoughts. Over and over again my anxiety urged me to run the risk, and write to her. But the same obstacle always raised itself in my way. After what had happened between us, it was impossible for me to write to her directly without first restoring myself to my former place in her estimation. And I could only do this by entering into particulars which, for all I knew to the contrary, it might still be cruel and dangerous to reveal.

As for writing to Miss Batchford, I had already tried the old lady's patience in that way before leaving England. If I tried it again, with no better excuse for a second intrusion than my own anxieties might suggest, the chances were that this uncompromising royalist would throw my letter into the fire, and treat her republican correspondent with contemptuous silence. Grosse was the third and last person from whom I might hope to obtain information. But—shall I confess it?—I did not know what Lucilla might have told him of the estrangement between us, and my pride (remember, if you please, that I am a poverty-stricken foreigner) revolted at the idea of exposing myself to a possible repulse.

However, by the eleventh of the month I began to feel my suspense so keenly, and to suffer under such painful doubts of what Nugent might be doing in my absence, that I resolved at all hazards on writing to Grosse. It was at least possible, as I calculated—and the Journal will show you I calculated right—that Lucilla had only told him of my melancholy errand at Marseilles, and had mentioned nothing more. I had just opened my desk, when our surgeon in attendance entered the room, and announced the joyful intelligence that he could answer at last for the recovery of good Papa.

"Can I go back to England?" I asked, eagerly.

"Not immediately. You are his favorite nurse —you must gradually accustom him to the idea of your going away. If you do any thing sudden you may cause a relapse."

"I will do nothing sudden. Only tell me when it will be safe—absolutely safe—for me to go?"

"Say in a week."

"On the eighteenth?"

"On the eighteenth."

I shut up my writing-desk. Within a few days I might now hope to be in England as soon as I could receive Grosse's answer at Marseilles. Under these circumstances, it would be better to wait until I could make my inquiries, safely and independently, in my own proper person. Comparison of dates will show that if I *had* written to the German oculist, it would have been too late. It was now the eleventh, and Lucilla had left Ramsgate with Nugent on the fifth.

All this time but one small morsel of news rewarded our inquiries after Oscar—and even that small morsel seemed to me to be unworthy of belief.

It was said that he had been seen at a military hospital—the hospital of Alessandria, in Piedmont, I think—acting, under the surgeons, as attendant on the badly wounded men who had survived the famous campaign of France and Italy against Austria. (Bear in mind, if you please, that I am writing of the year eighteen hundred and fifty-nine, and that the peace of Villafranca was only signed in the July of that year.) Occupation as hospital-man-nurse was, to my mind, occupation so utterly at variance with Oscar's temperament and character that I persisted in considering the intelligence thus received of him to be on the face of it false.

On the seventeenth of the month I had got my passport regulated, and had packed up the greater part of my baggage in anticipation of my journey back to England on the next day.

Carefully as I had tried to accustom his mind to the idea, my poor father remained so immovably reluctant to let me leave him that I was obliged to consent to a sort of compromise. I promised, when the business which took me to England was settled, to return again to Marseilles, and to travel back with him to his home in Paris as soon as he was fit to be moved. On this condition I gained permission to go. Poor as I was, I infinitely preferred charging my slender purse with the expenses of the double journey to remaining any longer in ignorance of what was going on at Ramsgate—or at Dimchurch, as the case might be. Now that my mind was free from anxiety about my father, I don't know which tormented me most—my eagerness to set myself right with my sister-friend, or my vague dread of the mischief which Nugent might have done while my back was turned. Over and over again I asked myself whether Miss Batchford had or had not shown my letter to Lucilla. Over and over again I wondered whether it had been my happy privilege to reveal Nugent under his true aspect, and to preserve Lucilla for Oscar after all.

Toward the afternoon, on the seventeenth, I went out alone to get a breath of fresh air, and a look at the shop windows. I don't care who or what she may be—high or low, handsome or ugly, young or old—it always relieves a woman's mind to look at the shop windows.

I had not been five minutes out before I met my princely superintendent.

"Any news for me to-day?" I asked.

"Not yet."

"Not yet?" I repeated. "You expect news, then?"

"We expect an Italian steamship to arrive in port before the evening," said the superintendent. "Who knows what may happen?"

He bowed and left me. I felt no great elation on contemplating the barren prospect which his last words had placed before me. So many steamers had arrived at Marseilles, without bringing any news of the missing man, that I attached very little importance to the arrival of the Italian ship. However, I had nothing to do—I wanted a walk—and I thought I might as well stroll down to the port and see the vessel come in.

The vessel was just entering the harbor by the time I got to the landing-stage.

I found our man employed to investigate travelers arriving by sea punctually at his post. His influence broke through the vexatious French rules and regulations which forbid all freedom of public movement within official limits, and procured me a place in the room at the custom-house through which the passengers by the steamer would be obliged to pass. I accepted his polite attention, simply because I was glad to sit down and rest in a quiet place after my walk—not even the shadow of an idea that any thing would come of my visit to the harbor being in my mind at the time.

After a long interval the passengers began to stream into the room. Looking languidly enough at the first half dozen strangers who came in, I felt myself touched on the shoulder from behind. There was our man, in a state of indescribable excitement, entreating me to compose myself!

Being perfectly composed already, I stared at him, and asked, "Why?"

"He is here!" cried the man. "Look!"

He pointed to the passengers still crowding into the room. I looked, and, instantly losing my head, started up with a cry that turned every body's eyes on me. Yes! there was the poor dear discolored face—there was Oscar himself, thunderstruck, on his side, at the sight of Me!

I snatched the key of his portmanteau out of his hand, and gave it to our man, who undertook to submit it to the cnstom-house examination, and to bring it to my lodging afterward. Holding Oscar fast by the arm, I pushed my way through the crowd in the room, got outside, and hailed a cab at the dock gates. The people about, noticing my agitation, said to each other, compassionately, "It's the blue man's mother!" Idiots! They might have seen, I think, that I was only old enough to be his sister.

Once sheltered in the vehicle, I could draw my breath again, and reward him for all the anxiety he had caused me by giving him a kiss. I might have given him a thousand kisses. Amazement made him a perfectly passive creature in my hands. He only repeated, faintly, over and over again, "What does it mean? what does it mean?"

"It means that you have friends, you wretch, who are fools enough to be too fond of you to give you up!" I said. "I am one of the fools. You will come to England with me to-morrow, and see for yourself if Lucilla is not another."

That reference to Lucilla restored him to the possession of his senses. He began to ask the questions that naturally occurred to him under the circumstances. Having plenty of questions in reserve, on my side, I told him briefly enough what had brought me to Marseilles, and what I had done during my residence in that city toward discovering the place of his retreat.

When he asked me next—after a momentary struggle with himself—what I could tell him of Nugent and Lucilla, it is not to be denied that I hesitated before I answered him. A moment's consideration, however, was enough to decide me on speaking out, for this plain reason, that a moment's consideration reminded me of the troubles and annoyances which had already befallen us as the result of concealing the truth. I told Oscar honestly all that I have related here —starting from my night interview with Nugent at Browndown, and ending with my precautionary measures for the protection of Lucilla while she was living under the care of her aunt.

I was greatly interested in watching the effect which these disclosures produced on Oscar.

My observation led me to form two conclusions. First conclusion, that time and absence had not produced the slightest change in the love which the poor fellow bore to Lucilla. Second conclusion, that nothing but absolute proof would induce him to agree in my unfavorable opinion of his brother's character. It was in vain I declared that Nugent had quitted England pledged to find him, and had left it to me (as the event had now proved) to make the discovery. He owned readily that he had seen nothing and heard nothing of Nugent. Nevertheless, his confidence in his brother remained unshaken. "Nugent is the soul of honor," he repeated again and again, with a side-look at me which suggested that my frankly avowed opinion of his brother had hurt and offended him.

I had barely time to notice this before we reached my lodgings. He appeared to be unwilling to follow me into the house.

"I suppose you have some proof to support what you have said of Nugent?" he resumed, stopping in the court-yard. "Have you written to England since you have been here? and have you had a reply?"

"I have written to Mrs. Finch," I answered; "and I have not had a word in reply."

"Have you written to no one else?"

I explained to him the position in which I stood toward Miss Batchford, and the hesitation which I had felt about writing to Grosse. The smouldering resentment against me that had been in him ever since I had spoken of his brother and of Lucilla flamed up at last.

"I entirely disagree with you," he broke out, angrily. "You are wronging Lucilla and wronging Nugent. Lucilla is incapable of saying any thing against you to Grosse, and Nugent is equally incapable of misleading her as you suppose. What horrible ingratitude you attribute to one of them—and what horrible baseness to the other! I have listened to you as patiently as I can; and I feel sincerely obliged by the interest which you have shown in me—but I can not remain in your company any longer. Madame Pratolungo, your suspicions are inhuman! You have not brought forward a shadow of proof in support of them. I will send here for my luggage, if you will allow me, and I will start for England by the next train. After what you have said, I can't rest till I have found out the truth for myself."

This was my reward for all the trouble that I had taken to discover Oscar Dubourg! Never mind the money I had spent—I am not rich enough to care about money—only consider the trouble. If I had been a man, I do really think I should have knocked him down. Being only a woman, I dropped him a low courtesy, and stung him with my tongue.

"As you please, Sir," I said. "I have done my best to serve you—and you quarrel with me and leave me in return. Go! You are not the first fool who has quarreled with his best friend."

Either the words or the courtesy—or both together—brought him to his senses. He made me an apology, which I received. And he looked excessively foolish, which put me in an excellent humor again. "You stupid boy," I said, taking his arm, and leading him to the stairs. "When we first met at Dimchurch did you find me a suspicious woman or an inhuman woman? Answer me that!"

He answered frankly enough.

"I found you all that was kind and good. Still, it is surely only natural to want *some* confirmation—" He checked himself there, and reverted abruptly to my letter to Mrs. Finch. The silence of the rector's wife evidently alarmed him. "How long is it since you wrote?" he inquired.

"As long ago as the first of this month," I replied.

He fell into thought. We ascended the next flight of stairs in silence. At the landing he stopped me, and spoke again. My unanswered letter was still uppermost in his mind.

"Mrs. Finch loses every thing that *can* be lost," he said. "Is it not likely—with her habits—that when she had written her answer, and wanted your letter to look at to put the address on it, your letter was like her handkerchief, or her novel, or any thing else—not to be found?"

So far, no doubt, this was quite in Mrs. Finch's character. I could see that, but my mind was too much preoccupied to draw the inference that followed. Oscar's next words enlightened me.

"Have you tried the Poste-Restante?" he asked.

What could I possibly have been thinking of! Of course she had lost my letter. Of course the whole house would be upset in looking for it, and the rector would silence the uproar by ordering his wife to try the Poste-Restante. How strangely we had changed places! Instead of my clear head thinking for Oscar, here was Oscar's clear head thinking for Me. Is my stupidity quite incredible? Remember, if you please, what a weight of trouble and anxiety had lain on my mind while I was at Marseilles. Can one think of every thing while one is afflicted as I was? Not even such a clever person as You can do that. If, as the saying is, "Homer sometimes nods"—why not Madame Pratolungo?

"I never thought of the Poste-Restante," I said to Oscar. "If you don't mind going back a little way, shall we inquire at once?"

He was perfectly willing. We went down stairs again, and out into the street. On our way to the post-office I seized my first opportunity of making Oscar give me some account of himself.

"I have satisfied your curiosity to the best of my ability," I said, as we walked arm in arm through the streets. "Now suppose you satisfy mine. A report of your having been seen in a military hospital in Italy is the only report of you which has reached me here. Of course it is not true?"

"It is perfectly true."

"You, in a hospital, nursing wounded soldiers!"

"That is exactly what I have been doing."

No words could express my astonishment. I could only stop and look at him.

"Was that the occupation which you had in view when you left England?" I asked.

"I had no object in leaving England but the object which I mentioned in my letter to you. After what had happened, I owed it to Lucilla and I owed it to Nugent to go. I left England without caring where I went. The train to Lyons happened to be the first train that started on my arrival at Paris. I took the first train. At Lyons I saw by chance an account in a French newspaper of the sufferings of some of the badly wounded men left still uncured after the battle of Solferino. I felt an impulse, in my own wretchedness, to help these other sufferers in *their* misery. On every other side of it my life was wasted. The one worthy use to which I could put it was to employ myself in doing good; and here was good to be done. I managed to get the necessary letters of introduction at Turin. With the help of these I made myself of some use (under the regular surgeons and dressers) in nursing the poor mutilated, crippled men; and I have helped a little afterward, from my own resources, in starting them comfortably in new ways of life."

In those manly and simple words he told me his story.

Once more I felt, what I had felt already, that there were hidden reserves of strength in the character of this innocent young fellow which had utterly escaped my superficial observation of him. In choosing his vocation he was, no doubt, only following the conventional modern course in such cases. Despair has its fashions as well as dress. Ancient despair (especially of Oscar's sort) used to turn soldier, or go into a monastery. Modern despair turns nurse, binds up wounds, gives physic, and gets cured or not in that useful but nasty way. Oscar had certainly struck out nothing new for himself: he had only followed the fashion. Still, it implied, as I thought, both courage and resolution to have conquered the obstacles which he must have overcome, and to have held steadily on his course after he had once entered it. Having begun by quarreling with him, I was in a fair way to end by respecting him. Surely this man was worth preserving for Lucilla, after all!

"May I ask where you were going when we met at the port?" I continued. "Have you left Italy because there were no more wounded soldiers to be cured?"

"There was no more work for me at the hospital to which I was attached," he said. "And there were certain obstacles in my way, as a stranger and a Protestant, among the poor and afflicted population outside the hospital. I might have overcome those obstacles, with little trouble, among a people so essentially good-tempered and courteous as the Italians, if I had tried. But it occurred to me that my first duty was to my own countrymen. The misery crying for relief in London is misery not paralleled in any city of Italy. When you met me I was on my way to London to place my services at the disposal of any clergyman in a poor neighborhood who would accept such help as I can offer him." He paused a little—hesitated—and added, in lower tones: "That was one of my objects in returning to England. It is only honest to own to you that I had another motive besides."

"A motive connected with your brother and with Lucilla?" I suggested.

"Yes. Don't misinterpret me. I am not returning to England to retract what I said to Nugent. I still leave him free to plead his own cause with Lucilla in his own person. I am still resolved not to distress myself and distress them by returning to Dimchurch. But I have a longing that nothing can subdue to know how it has ended between them. Don't ask me to say more than that! In spite of the time that has passed, it breaks my heart to talk of Lucilla. I had looked forward to a meeting with you in London, and to hearing what I longed to hear from your lips. Judge for yourself what my hopes were when I first saw your face; and forgive me if I felt my disappointment bitterly when I found that you had really no news to tell, and when you spoke of Nugent as you did." He stopped, and pressed my arm earnestly. "Suppose I am right about Mrs. Finch's letter?" he added. "Suppose it should really be waiting for you at the post?"

"Well?"

"The letter may contain the news which I most want to hear."

I checked him there. "I am not sure of that," I answered. "I don't know what news you most want to hear."

I said those words with a purpose. What was the news he was longing for? In spite of what he had said, my woman's observation answered, News that Lucilla is still a single woman. My object in speaking as I had just spoken was to tempt him into a reply which might confirm me in this opinion. He evaded the reply. Was that confirmation in itself? Yes—as *I* think!

"Will you tell me what there is in the letter?" he asked, passing, as you see, entirely over what I had just said to him.

"Yes, if you wish it," I answered, not overwell pleased with his want of confidence in me.

"No matter what the letter contains?" he went on, evidently doubting me.

I said Yes, again—that one word, and no more.

"I suppose it would be asking too much," he persisted, "to ask you to let me read the letter myself?"

My temper, as you are well aware by this time, is not the temper of a saint. I drew my arm smartly out of his arm, and I surveyed him with what poor Pratolungo used to call "my Roman look."

"Mr. Oscar Dubourg! say, in plain words, that you distrust me."

He protested, of course, that he did nothing of the kind—without producing the slightest effect on me. Just run over in your mind the insults, worries, and anxieties which had assailed me as the reward for my friendly interest in this man's welfare. Or, if that is too great an effort, be so good as to remember that Lucilla's farewell letter to me at Dimchurch was now followed by the equally ungracious expression of Oscar's distrust—and this at a time when I had had serious trials of my own to sustain at my father's bedside. I think you will admit that a sweeter temper than mine might have not unnaturally turned a little sour under present circumstances.

I answered not a word to Oscar's protestations—I only searched vehemently in the pocket of my dress.

"Here," I said, opening my card-case, "is my address in this place; and here," I went on, producing the document, "is my passport, if they want it."

I forced the card and the passport into his hands. He took them in helpless astonishment.

"What am I to do with these?" he asked.

"Take them to the Poste-Restante. If there is a letter for me with the Dimchurch post-mark, I authorize you to open it. Read it before it comes into my hands—and then perhaps you will be satisfied."

He declared that he would do nothing of the sort, and tried to force my documents back into my own possession.

"Please yourself," I said. "I have done with you and your affairs. Mrs. Finch's letter is of no earthly consequence to me. If it *is* at the Poste-Restante, I shall not trouble myself to ask for it. What concern have I with news about Lucilla? What does it matter to *me* whether she is married or not? I am going back to my father and my sisters. Decide for yourself whether you want Mrs. Finch's letter or not."

That settled it. He went his way with my documents to the post-office; and I went mine back to the lodging.

Arrived in my room, I still held to the resolution which I had expressed to Oscar in the street. Why should I leave my poor old father to go back to England, and mix myself up in Lucilla's affairs? After the manner in which she had taken her leave of me, had I any reasonable prospect of being civilly received? Oscar was on his way back to England—let Oscar manage his own affairs; let them all three (Oscar, Nugent, Lucilla) fight it out together among themselves. What had I, Pratolungo's widow, to do with this trumpery family entanglement? Nothing! It was a warm day for the time of year—Pratolungo's widow, like a wise woman, determined to make herself comfortable. She unlocked her packed box; she loosened her stays; she put on her dressing-gown; she took a turn in the room—and, if you had come across her at that moment, I wouldn't have stood in *your* shoes for something, I can tell you!

(What do you think of my consistency by this time? How often have I changed my mind about Lucilla and Oscar? Reckon it up from the time when I left Dimchurch. What a picture of perpetual self-contradiction I present—and how improbable it is that I should act in this illogical way! *You* never alter your mind under the influence of your temper or your circumstances. No: you are what they call a consistent character. And I? Oh, I am only a human being—and I feel painfully conscious that I have no business to be in a book.)

In about half an hour's time, the servant appeared with a little paper parcel for me. It had been left by a stranger with an English accent and a terrible face. He had announced his intention of calling a little later. The servant, a bouncing fat wench, trembled as she repeated the message, and asked if there was any thing amiss between me and the man with the terrible face.

I opened the parcel. It contained my passport, and, sure enough, the letter from Mrs. Finch.

Had he opened it? Yes! He had not been able to resist the temptation to read it. And more, he had written a line or two on it in pencil, thus: "As soon as I am fit to see you, I will implore your pardon. I dare not trust myself in your presence yet. Read the letter, and you will understand why."

I opened the letter.

It was dated the fifth of September. I ran over the first few sentences carelessly enough. Thanks for my letter—congratulations on my father's prospect of recovery—information about baby's gums and the rector's last sermon—more information about somebody else, which Mrs. Finch felt quite sure would interest and delight me. What!!! "Mr. Oscar Dubourg has come back, and is now with Lucilla at Ramsgate."

I crumpled the letter up in my hand. Nugent had justified my worst anticipations of what he would do in my absence. What did the true Mr. Oscar Dubourg, reading that sentence at Marseilles, think of his brother now? We are all mortal—we are all wicked. It is monstrous, but it is true. I had a moment's triumph.

The wicked moment gone, I was good again—that is to say, I was ashamed of myself.

I smoothed out the letter, and looked eagerly for news of Lucilla's health. If the news was favorable, my letter committed to Miss Batchford's care must have been shown to Lucilla by this time, must have exposed Nugent's abominable personation of his brother, and must have thus preserved her for Oscar. In that case, all would be well again (and my darling herself would own it)—thanks to Me!

After telling me the news from Ramsgate, Mrs. Finch began to drift into what you call Twaddle. She had just discovered (exactly as Oscar had supposed) that she had lost my letter. She would keep her own letter back until the next day on the chance of finding it. If she failed she must try Poste-Restante, at the suggestion (not of Mr. Finch—there I was wrong)—at the suggestion of Zillah, who had relatives in foreign parts, and had tried Poste-Restante in her case too. So Mrs. Finch driveled mildly on, in her large, loose, untidy handwriting, to the bottom of the third page.

I turned over. The handwriting suddenly grew untidier than ever; two great blots defaced the paper; the style became feebly hysterical. Good Heavens, what did I read when I made it out at last! See for yourselves; here are the words:

"Some hours have passed—it is just tea-time—oh, my dear friend, I can hardly hold the pen, I tremble so—would you believe it, Miss Batchford has arrived at the rectory—she brings the dreadful news that Lucilla has eloped with Oscar—we don't know why—we don't know where, except that they have gone away together privately—a letter from Oscar tells Miss Batchford as much as that, and no more—oh, pray come back as soon as you can—Mr. Finch washes his hands of it—and Miss Batchford has left the house again in a fury with him—I am in a dreadful agitation, and I have given it, Mr. Finch says, to baby, who is screaming black in the face. Yours affectionately, AMELIA FINCH."

All the rages I had ever been in before in my life were as nothing compared with the rage that devoured me when I had read that fourth page of Mrs. Finch's letter. Nugent had got the better of me and my precautions! Nugent had robbed his brother of Lucilla, in the vilest manner, with perfect impunity! I cast all feminine restraints to the winds. I sat down with my legs anyhow, like a man. I rammed my hands into the pockets of my dressing-gown. Did I cry? A word in your ear—and let it go no farther. I swore.

How long the fit lasted I don't know. I only remember that I was disturbed by a knock at my door.

I flung open the door in a fury, and confronted Oscar on the threshold.

There was a look in his face that instantly quieted me. There was a tone in his voice that brought the tears suddenly into my eyes.

"I must leave for England in two hours," he said. "Will you forgive me, and go with me?"

Only those words! And yet—if you had seen him, if you had heard him, as he spoke them—you would have been ready to go to the ends of the earth with him, as I was; and you would have told him so, as I did.

In two hours more we were in the train on our way to England.

PARTING WITH THE WEDDING-RING.

THE picture on page 125 is a touching illustration of one of the desperate straits of poverty into which, we are sorry to believe, many are driven who dwell in the garrets or cellars of our great city. This poor woman does not belong to the class of those who bring wretchedness upon themselves by their own misconduct. Her life has always been above reproach, and that she now suffers is no fault of hers. Time was when she was surrounded by circumstances of real comfort, if not of positive wealth. With a devoted husband, whose patient industry had gathered a competency for life, as he thought, a family of loving children, a nice little home with every comfort in it, and a host of friends about her, she little thought that she should one day be brought to absolute beggary. Yet here she is, and what a saddening sight!

The story of the change is not a new one, however. The husband is dead, and also all the children save the little one who sleeps so innocently upon her bosom. The bank account has been drained to pay the doctor, and to settle up the many little items incident to sickness and death. Then piece after piece of furniture has been disposed of, for a mere song, to buy bread, and finally even the clothing, which, though so much needed, has gone to the pawn-shop. Of course her fair-weather friends left her as soon as her condition became known, and she went down and down, until at last the only thing that stands between her and death itself is the wedding-ring upon her finger. How can she part with it, with all its precious memories? The very thought almost crushes her, and yet she must save her babe from starvation. For herself she cares but little, so pitilessly has the storm beaten upon her of late; but the little one—the only living pledge of *his* affection—how can she see it die? At length the struggle in her mind is over, and she determines to make the last sacrifice. And now we find her in the pawnbroker's shop, shivering with the cold, and anxiously awaiting the decision of the pitiless men who grow rich out of the sufferings of the poor. She has timidly asked for dollars, but will probably get only a few cents, and when the little money has been spent, will be hungry again. What will she do then? God only knows!

GOVERNOR NOYES, OF OHIO.

GOVERNOR EDWARD F. NOYES, of whom we give a portrait on page 125, was inaugurated January 8, at Columbus, Ohio. He was born at Haverhill, Massachusetts, October 3, 1832. His parents both died before he was three years old, and he was left, without means, to the care of a guardian, who apprenticed him, when thirteen years of age, as a printer-boy in the office of the *Morning Star*, a religious newspaper published at Dover, New Hampshire, by the Free-will Baptist denomination. There he remained four and a half years, when, with the consent of his employer, WILLIAM BURR, to whom he was bound until he was twenty-one years of age, he left the printing-office to prepare for college at the Kingston Academy, New Hampshire. He entered Dartmouth College in 1853, and graduated in 1857, one of the best scholars in his class. In the year 1858 he began the practice of law in Cincinnati, and was in the successful prosecution of his profession at the breaking out of the rebellion. His office was then changed into a recruiting head-quarters, and in the summer of 1861 he went to the field as major of the Thirty-ninth Regiment of Ohio Volunteers. He served with distinction in the war, and was promoted to the colonelcy of his regiment in October, 1862. On the 4th of July, 1864, while directing an assault on the enemy's works near Ruff's Mills, he received a wound which resulted in the loss of a leg. He remained in service until April 22, 1865, when he resigned to accept the position of Chief Attorney, or City Solicitor, of Cincinnati, an office to which he had been elected while absent in the army. In October, 1866, he was elected Probate Judge of Hamilton County, on the Republican ticket.

At the Republican State Convention, held in Columbus on the 25th of June, 1871, he was nominated by acclamation as the Republican candidate for Governor. In the campaign which followed he canvassed the State, making fifty-five speeches in forty-one days. In October he was elected Governor of Ohio by a vote of over twenty thousand majority.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

THE Rev. Nathaniel M'Kie, minister of Crossmichael (1739–81), talked to his people from the pulpit with amusing familiarity. Expounding a passage in Exodus, he proceeded thus: "'And the Lord said unto Moses'—sneck that door. I'm thinking if ye had to sit beside that door yoursel' ye wadna be sae ready leaving it open! It was just beside that door that Yedam Tamson, the bellman, got his death o' cauld; and I'm sure, honest man, he didn't let it stap muckle open. 'And the Lord said unto Moses'—I see a man aneath that laft with his hat on. I'm sure ye're clear o' the soogh o' the door. Keep aff your bannet, Thomas; and if yer bare pow be cauld, ye maun jist git a gray worset wig, like mysel'. They're no sae dear—plenty of them at Bob Gillespie's for tenpence." The reverend gentleman then proceeded with his discourse.

A CORN EXTRACTOR—A crow.

An exchange says: If you don't stop using tobacco, the first thing you know you will have the amaurosis, angina pectoris, hypochondriasis, and locomotorataxy. With such an array of ills, it is no wonder the popular superstition that the "devil sowed the seed" obtains followers.

The best way to get help in this world is to help yourself.

A short time before the revolution of the 4th of September a deputy saw M. Thiers apply his tongue to a postage stamp bearing Napoleon III.'s image. The deputy exclaimed, "I have caught you in the act." M. Thiers asked, "Of doing what?" The deputy answered, "Of kissing the tyrant." M. Thiers rejoined, "My dear fellow, you are mistaken; I was taking the stiffening out of him."

If all flesh is grass, is hay beef à la mowed?

On one occasion, at the house of a Mr. Ober, when all the guests save Cannon and Theodore Hook had long since retired, the host was compelled to allude pretty plainly to the lateness of the hour, and at length, no notice being taken of the hint, slipped off to bed. "Pray at what hour did the gentlemen go?" he asked the next morning. "Go, Sir!" replied John, with emphasis; "they are not gone yet. They have just rung for coffee."

FLOATING CAPITAL—Venice.

"Don't trouble yourself to stretch your mouth any wider," said a dentist to a man who was extending his jaw frightfully, "as I intend to stand outside during the performance."

Of what kind of schism is Henry Ward Beecher guilty?—Of witticism!

"Sir," said a fierce lawyer, "do you, on your solemn oath, swear that this is not your handwriting?" "I reckon not," was the cool reply. "Does it resemble your writing?" "Yes, Sir, I think it don't." "Do you swear that it don't resemble your writing?" "Well, I do, old head." "You take your solemn oath that this writing does not resemble yours in a single letter?" "Y-e-s, Sir." "Now how do you know?" "'Cause I can't write."

An arch boy, having taken notice of his Sunday-school teacher's often reading a chapter in Corinthians wherein is this sentence, "We shall all be changed in the twinkling of an eye," privately erased the letter *c* in the word changed. The next time the teacher read it, "We shall all be *hanged* in the twinkling of an eye."

A sentinel should never carry a *nap-sack*.

"The *receiver* is as bad as the thief:" this don't apply to defunct insurance companies!

SNOW-BOUND ON THE CENTRAL PACIFIC RAILROAD.

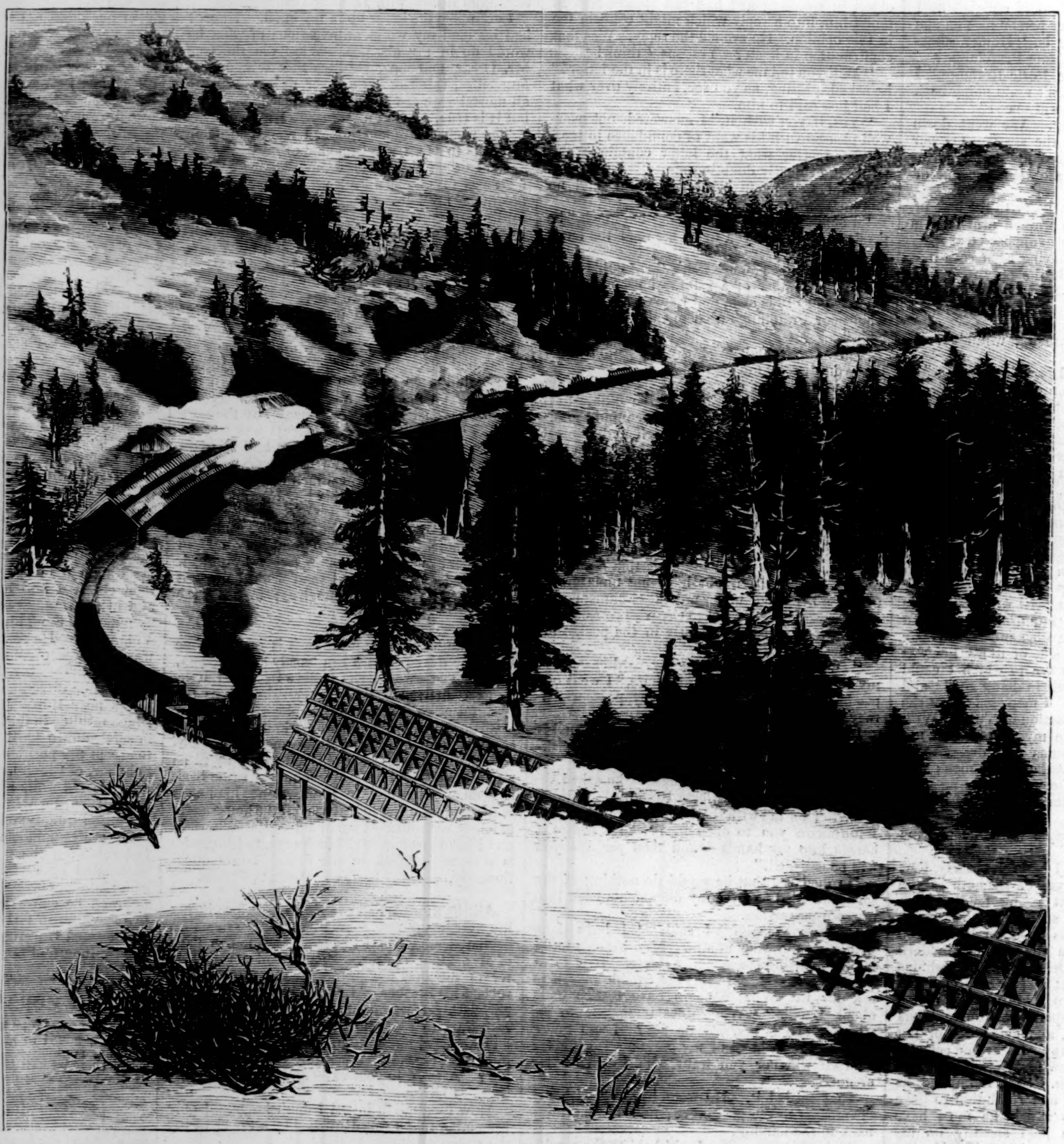
THE present winter season has been one of the severest ever known on the Western plains—not so much, perhaps, in the frequency as in the violence of the storms which have beaten upon the broad expanse of territory lying between the eastern extremity of Colorado and Wyoming and the western limits of Kansas and Nebraska. The winds blew a perfect hurricane at times, and the snow fell to such an extent as to impede travel entirely for many days together. Trains were blockaded, passengers nearly frozen, mails delayed, and many a poor emigrant seeking his way to a Western home met his death in the snow-drift.

The most memorable of these storms began on the 21st of December, with results never to be forgotten by those who were unfortunate enough to encounter its fury. The depth of the fall is said to have been less than twelve inches, but the gale which arose on the following night swept it fiercely through the shallow cuts, choking them up, and against the windward sides of the mountains, forming great drifts and slides many feet in depth, the snow being hard packed, with almost the solidity of ice itself, and one might almost as well undertake to tunnel a mountain as to force his way through this frigid barrier.

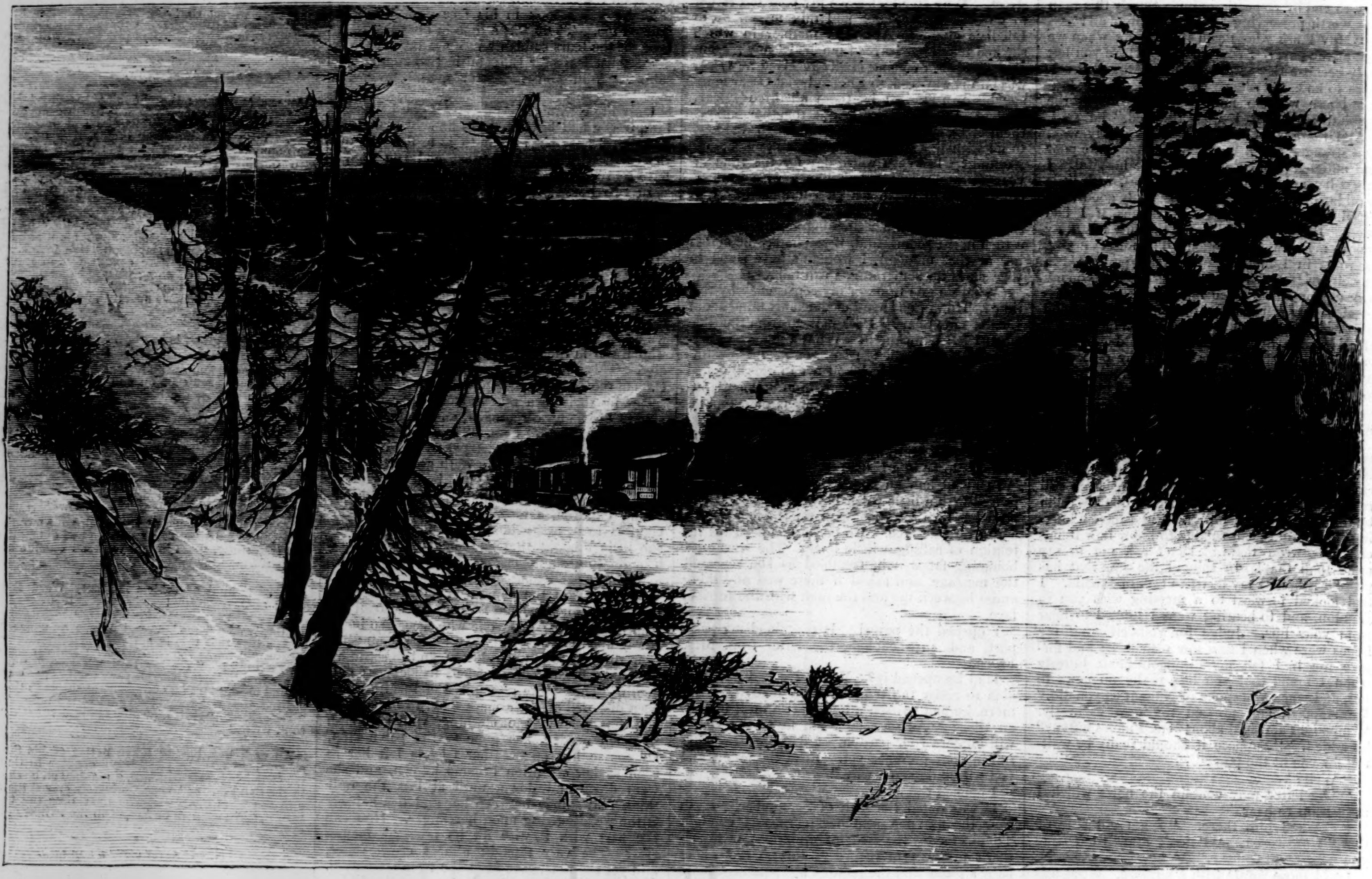
Passengers who left San Francisco by railroad on the 19th of December did not reach Chicago till the 8th of January, thus spending twenty days on the route. This was two weeks over schedule time, and threefold as long as is usually taken up in running clear through to New York. On one part of the road, near Sherman, trains made only four miles in twenty-four hours. Four trains bound for the East, with over eight hundred passengers in all, were blockaded at one time at nearly the same point. The passengers were chiefly of the first class, many of whom came from China or Japan by the Pacific mail steamer. Several distinguished persons were among the number. The detention was a source of serious annoyance to many, and not a little profanity was indulged in by impatient ones. Three gentlemen, hurrying Eastward to be married, were especially ill-humored over their disappointment. Of course the freight trains were not more fortunate than others. At one time over two hundred cars, heavily laden, were laid up on side tracks, waiting for an opportunity to get through, while at the same time upward of four hundred car-loads of freight were stored at Omaha in transit.

At the time of this writing news comes from the West that a fresh blockade has taken place, and transcontinental travel is practically suspended. Every thing will be done, however, to reopen the road speedily for the accommodation of the public.

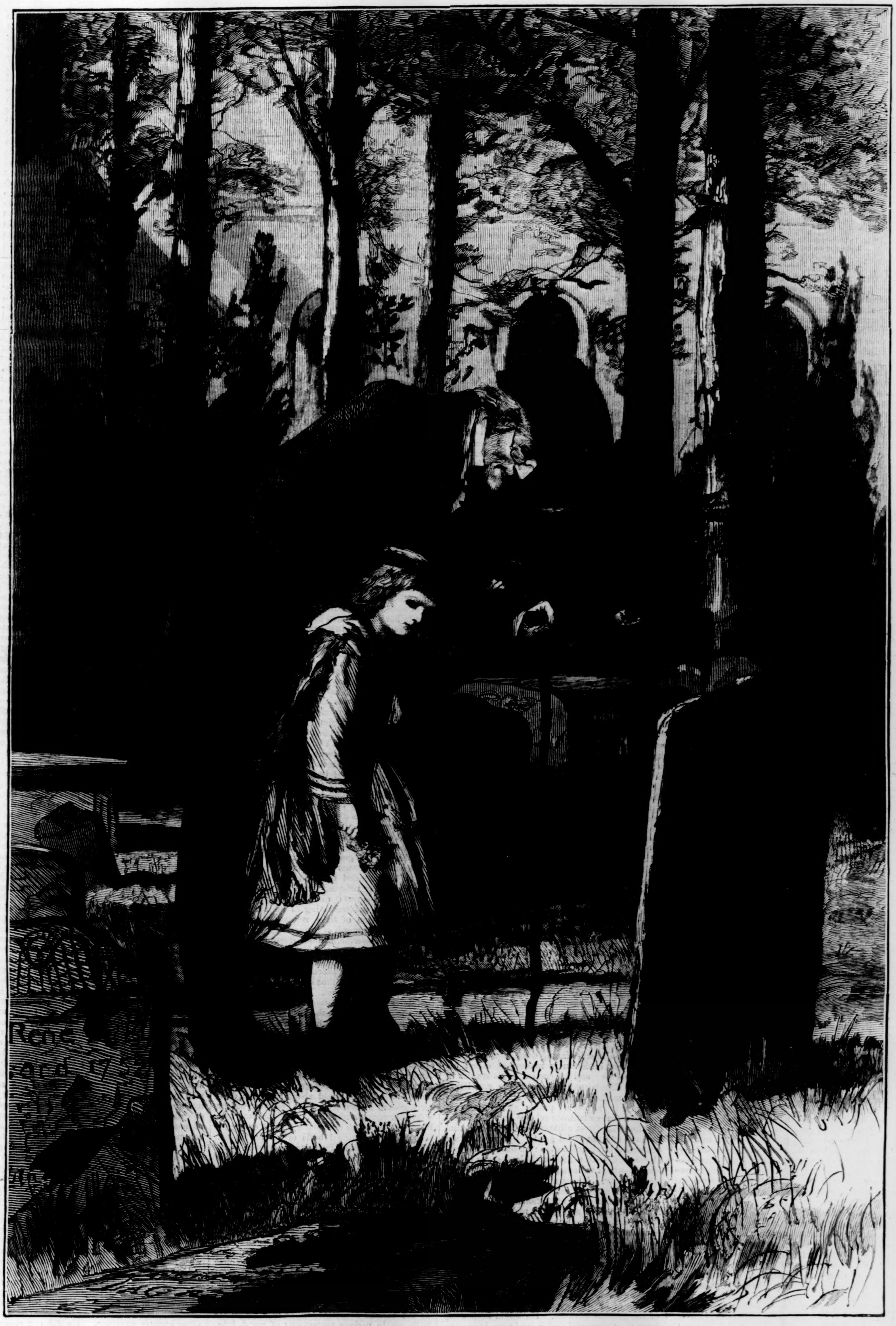
The pictures which are given on this page afford good illustrations of the blockade on the Central Pacific Railroad, and the efforts made by means of the plow to clear the way. The snow-sheds are to be seen covered with a burden which they seem scarcely able to sustain, while the enormous plow, driven by four locomotives, is doing its utmost to accomplish a tremendous task. May we not look forward to the time when a winter's journey to and from the Pacific may be accomplished with as much ease and speed as at any other season of the year?



THE SNOW-SHEDS COVERED WITH SNOW.



THE SNOW-PLOW CLEARING THE WAY.



IN TRINITY CHURCH-YARD.—Drawn by Sol Eytinge, Jun.—[See Page 133.]

MIDDLEMARCH:

A STUDY OF PROVINCIAL LIFE.

By GEORGE ELIOT,

Author of "Adam Bede," "Romola," etc.

Book II.

OLD AND YOUNG.

CHAPTER XV.

"Black eyes you have left, you say;
  Blue eyes fail to draw you;
Yet you seem more rapt to-day
  Than of old we saw you."

"Oh, I track the fairest fair
  Through new haunts of pleasure;
Foot-prints here and echoes there
  Guide me to my treasure.

"Lo! she turns—immortal youth
  Wrought to mortal stature,
Fresh as starlight's aged truth—
  Many-named Nature!"

A great historian, as he insisted on calling himself, who had the happiness to be dead a hundred and twenty years ago, and so to take his place among the colossi whose huge legs our living pettiness is observed to walk under, glories in his copious remarks and digressions as the least imitable part of his work, and especially in those initial chapters to the successive books of his history, where he seems to bring his arm-chair to the proscenium, and chat with us in all the lusty ease of his fine English. But Fielding lived when the days were longer (for time, like money, is measured by our needs), when summer afternoons were spacious, and the clock ticked slowly in the winter evenings. We belated historians must not linger after his example; and if we did so, it is probable that our chat would be thin and eager, as if delivered from a camp-stool in a parrot-house. I, at least, have so much to do in unraveling certain human lots, and seeing how they were woven and interwoven, that all the light I can command must be concentrated on this particular web, and not dispersed over that tempting range of relevancies called the universe.

At present I have to make the new settler Lydgate better known to any one interested in him than he could possibly be even to those who had seen the most of him since his arrival in Middlemarch. For surely all must admit that a man may be puffed and belauded, envied, ridiculed, counted upon as a tool, and fallen in love with, or at least selected as a future husband, and yet remain virtually unknown—known merely as a cluster of signs for his neighbors' false suppositions. There was a general impression, however, that Lydgate was not altogether a common country doctor, and in Middlemarch at that time such an impression was significant of great things being expected from him. For every body's family doctor was remarkably clever, and was understood to have immeasurable skill in the management and training of the most skittish or vicious diseases. The evidence of his cleverness was of the higher intuitive order, lying in his lady patients' immovable conviction, and was unassailable by any objection except that their intuitions were opposed by others equally strong; each lady who saw medical truth in Wrench and "the strengthening treatment" regarding Toller and "the lowering system" as medical perdition. For the heroic times of copious bleeding and blistering had not yet departed, still less the times of thorough-going theory, when disease in general was called by some bad name, and treated accordingly without shilly-shally—as if, for example, it were to be called insurrection, which must not be fired on with blank-cartridge, but have its blood drawn at once. The strengtheners and the lowerers were all "clever" men in somebody's opinion, which is really as much as can be said for any living talents. Nobody's imagination had gone so far as to conjecture that Mr. Lydgate could know as much as Dr. Sprague and Dr. Minchin, the two physicians, who alone could offer any hope when danger was extreme, and when the smallest hope was worth a guinea. Still, I repeat, there was a general impression that Lydgate was something rather more uncommon than any general practitioner in Middlemarch. And this was true. He was but seven-and-twenty, an age at which many men are not quite common—at which they are hopeful of achievement, resolute in avoidance, thinking that Mammon shall never put a bit in their mouths and get astride their backs, but rather that Mammon, if they have any thing to do with him, shall draw their chariot.

He had been left an orphan when he was fresh from a public school. His father, a military man, had made but little provision for three children; and when the boy Tertius asked to have a medical education, it seemed easier to his guardians to grant his request by apprenticing him to a country practitioner than to make any objections on the score of family dignity. He was one of the rarer lads who early get a decided bent, and make up their minds that there is something particular in life which they would like to do for its own sake, and not because their fathers did it. Most of us who turn to any subject with love remember some morning or evening hour when we got on a high stool to reach down an untried volume, or sat with parted lips listening to a new talker, or for very lack of books began to listen to the voices within, as the first traceable beginning of our love. Something of that sort happened to Lydgate. He was a quick fellow, and, when hot from play, would toss himself in a corner, and in five minutes be deep in any sort of book that he could lay his hands on: if it were Rasselas or Gulliver, so much the better; but Bailey's Dictionary would do, or the Bible with the Apocrypha in it. Something he must read when he was not riding the pony, or running and hunting, or listening to the talk of men. All this was true of him at ten years of age; he had then read through "Chrysal; or, the Adventures of a Guinea," which was neither milk for babes nor any chalky mixture meant to pass for milk; and it had already occurred to him that books were stuff, and that life was stupid. His school studies had not much modified that opinion; for though he "did" his classics and mathematics, he was not pre-eminent in them. It was said of him that Lydgate could do any thing he liked, but he had certainly not yet liked to do any thing remarkable. He was a vigorous animal, with a ready understanding, but no spark had yet kindled in him an intellectual passion: knowledge seemed to him a very superficial affair, easily mastered. Judging from the conversation of his elders, he had apparently got already more than was necessary for mature life. Probably this was not an exceptional result of expensive teaching at that period of short-waisted coats, and other fashions which have not yet recurred. But, one vacation, a wet day sent him to the small home library to hunt once more for a book which might have some freshness for him: in vain! unless, indeed, he took down a dusty row of volumes with gray paper backs and dingy labels—the volumes of an old Cyclopedia which he had never disturbed. It would at least be a novelty to disturb them. They were on the highest shelf, and he stood on a chair to get them down. But he opened the volume he first took from the shelf: somehow, one is apt to read in a make-shift attitude, just where it might seem inconvenient to do so. The page he opened on was under the head of Anatomy, and the first passage that drew his eyes was on the valves of the heart. He was not much acquainted with valves of any sort, but he knew that *valvæ* were folding-doors, and through this crevice came a sudden light, startling him with his first vivid notion of finely adjusted mechanism in the human frame. A liberal education had, of course, left him free to read the indecent passages in the school classics, but, beyond a general sense of secrecy and obscenity in connection with his internal structure, had left his imagination quite unbiased, so that for any thing he knew his brains lay in small bags at his temples, and he had no more thought of representing to himself how his blood circulated than how paper served instead of gold. But the moment of vocation had come, and before he got down from his chair, the world was made new to him by a presentiment of endless processes filling the vast spaces planked out of his sight by that wordy ignorance which he had supposed to be knowledge. From that hour Lydgate felt the growth of an intellectual passion.

We are not afraid of telling over and over again how a man comes to fall in love with a woman and be wedded to her, or else be fatally parted from her. Is it due to excess of poetry or of stupidity that we are never weary of describing what King James called a woman's "makdom and her fairnesse," never weary of listening to the twanging of the old Troubadour strings, and are comparatively uninterested in that other kind of "makdom and fairnesse" which must be wooed with industrious thought and patient renunciation of small desires? In the story of this passion, too, the development varies: sometimes it is the glorious marriage, sometimes frustration and final parting. And not seldom the catastrophe is wound up with the other passion, sung by the Troubadours. For in the multitude of middle-aged men who go about their vocations in a daily course determined for them much in the same way as the tie of their cravats, there is always a good number who once meant to shape their own deeds and alter the world a little. The story of their coming to be shapen after the average, and fit to be packed by the gross, is hardly ever told even in their consciousness: for perhaps their ardor for generous, unpaid toil cooled as imperceptibly as the ardor of other youthful loves, till one day their earlier self walked like a ghost in its old home and made the new furniture ghastly. Nothing in the world more subtle than the process of their gradual change! In the beginning they inhaled it unknowingly: you and I may have sent some of our breath toward infecting them, when we uttered our conforming falsities or drew our silly conclusions; or perhaps it came with the vibrations from a woman's glance.

Lydgate did not mean to be one of those failures, and there was the better hope of him because his scientific interest soon took the form of a professional enthusiasm: he had a youthful belief in his bread-winning work, not to be stifled by that initiation in make-shift called his 'prentice days; and he carried to his studies in London, Edinburgh, and Paris the conviction that the medical profession as it might be was the finest in the world; presenting the most perfect interchange between science and art; offering the most direct alliance between intellectual conquest and the social good. Lydgate's nature demanded this combination: he was an emotional creature, with a flesh-and-blood sense of fellowship which withstood all the abstractions of special study. He cared not only for "cases," but for John and Elizabeth, especially Elizabeth.

There was another attraction in his profession: it wanted reform, and gave a man an opportunity for some indignant resolve to reject its venal decorations and other humbug, and to be the possessor of genuine though undemanded qualifications. He went to study in Paris with the determination that when he came home again he would settle in some provincial town as a general practitioner, and resist the irrational severance between medical and surgical knowledge in the interest of his own scientific pursuits, as well as of the general advance. He would keep away from the range of London intrigues, jealousies, and social truckling, and win celebrity, however slowly, as Jenner had done, by the independent value of his work. For it must be remembered that this was a dark period; and in spite of venerable colleges which used great efforts to secure purity of knowledge by making it scarce, and to exclude error by a rigid exclusiveness in relation to fees and appointments, it happened that very ignorant young gentlemen were promoted in town, and many more got a legal right to practice over large areas in the country. Also, the high standard held up to the public mind by the College of Physicians, which gave its peculiar sanction to the expensive and highly rarefied medical instruction obtained by graduates of Oxford and Cambridge, did not hinder quackery from having an excellent time of it; for since professional practice chiefly consisted in giving a great many drugs, the public inferred that it might be better off with more drugs still, if they could only be got cheaply, and hence swallowed large cubic measures of physic prescribed by unscrupulous ignorance which had taken no degrees. Considering that statistics had not yet embraced a calculation as to the number of ignorant or canting doctors which absolutely must exist in the teeth of all changes, it seemed to Lydgate that a change in the units was the most direct mode of changing the numbers. He meant to be a unit who would make a certain amount of difference toward that spreading change which would one day tell appreciably upon the averages, and in the mean time have the pleasure of making an advantageous difference to the viscera of his own patients. But he did not simply aim at a more genuine kind of practice than was common. He was ambitious of a wider effect: he was fired with the possibility that he might work out the proof of an anatomical conception, and make a link in the chain of discovery.

Does it seem incongruous to you that a Middlemarch surgeon should dream of himself as a discoverer? Most of us, indeed, know little of the great originators until they have been lifted up among the constellations, and already rule our fates. But that Herschel, for example, who "broke the barriers of the heavens"—did he not once play a provincial church organ, and give music lessons to stumbling pianists? Each of those Shining Ones had to walk on the earth among neighbors who perhaps thought much more of his gait and his garments than of any thing which was to give him a title to everlasting fame: each of them had his little local personal history sprinkled with small temptations and sordid cares, which made the retarding friction of his course toward final companionship with the immortals. Lydgate was not blind to the dangers of such friction, but he had plenty of confidence in his resolution to avoid it as far as possible: being seven-and-twenty, he felt himself experienced. And he was not going to have his vanities provoked by contact with the showy worldly successes of the capital, but to live among people who could hold no rivalry with that pursuit of a great idea which was to be a twin object with the assiduous practice of his profession. There was fascination in the hope that the two purposes would illuminate each other: the careful observation and inference which was his daily work, the use of the lens to further his judgment in special cases, would further his thought as an instrument of larger inquiry. Was not this the typical pre-eminence of his profession? He would be a good Middlemarch doctor, and by that very means keep himself in the track of far-reaching investigation. On one point he may fairly claim approval at this particular stage of his career: he did not mean to imitate those philanthropic models who make a profit out of poisonous pickles to support themselves while they are exposing adulteration, or hold shares in a gambling-hell that they may have leisure to represent the cause of public morality. He intended to begin in his own case some particular reforms which were quite certainly within his reach, and much less of a problem than the demonstrating of an anatomical conception. One of these reforms was to act stoutly on the strength of a recent legal decision, and simply prescribe, without dispensing drugs or taking percentage from druggists. This was an innovation for one who had chosen to adopt the style of general practitioner in a country town, and would be felt as offensive criticism by his professional brethren. But Lydgate meant to innovate in his treatment also, and he was wise enough to see that the best security for his practicing honestly according to his belief was to get rid of systematic temptations to the contrary.

Perhaps that was a more cheerful time for observers and theorizers than the present; we are apt to think it the finest era of the world when America was beginning to be discovered, when a bold sailor, even if he were wrecked, might alight on a new kingdom; and about 1829 the dark territories of Pathology were a fine America for a spirited young adventurer. Lydgate was ambitious above all to contribute toward enlarging the scientific, rational basis of his profession. The more he became interested in special questions of disease, such as the nature of fever or fevers, the more keenly he felt the need for that fundamental knowledge of structure which just at the beginning of the century had been illuminated by the brief and glorious career of Bichat, who died when he was only one-and-thirty, but, like another Alexander, left a realm large enough for many heirs. That great Frenchman first carried out the conception that living bodies, fundamentally considered, are not associations of organs which can be understood by studying them first apart, and then, as it were, federally; but must be regarded as consisting of certain primary webs or tissues, out of which the various organs—brain, heart, lungs, and so on—are compacted, as the various accommodations of a house are built up in various proportions of wood, iron, stone, brick, zinc, and the rest, each material having its peculiar composition and proportions. No man, one sees, can understand and estimate the entire structure or its parts, what are its frailties and what its repairs, without knowing the nature of the materials. And the conception wrought out by Bichat, with his detailed study of the different tissues, acted necessarily on medical questions as the turning of gas-light would act on a dim, oil-lit street, showing new connections and hitherto hidden facts of structure which must be taken into account in considering the symptoms of maladies and the action of medicaments. But results which depend on human conscience and intelligence work slowly, and now, at the end of 1829, most medical practice was still strutting or shambling along the old paths, and there was still scientific work to be done which might have seemed to be a direct sequence of Bichat's. This great seer did not go beyond the consideration of the tissues as ultimate facts in the living organism, marking the limit of anatomical analysis; but it was open to another mind to say, have not these structures some common basis from which they have all started, as your sarcenet, gauze, net, satin, and velvet from the raw cocoon? Here would be another light, as of oxyhydrogen, showing the very grain of things, and revising all former explanations. Of this sequence to Bichat's work, already vibrating along many currents of the European mind, Lydgate was enamored; he longed to demonstrate the more intimate relations of living structure, and help to define men's thought more accurately after the true order. The work had not yet been done, but only prepared for those who knew how to use the preparation. What was the primitive tissue? In that way Lydgate put the question—not quite in the way required by the awaiting answer; but such missing of the right word befalls many seekers. And he counted on quiet intervals to be watchfully seized for taking up the threads of investigation—on many hints to be won from diligent application, not only of the scalpel, but of the microscope, which research had begun to use again with new enthusiasm of reliance. Such was Lydgate's plan of his future: to do good small work for Middlemarch, and great work for the world.

He was certainly a happy fellow at this time: to be seven-and-twenty, without any fixed vices, with a generous resolution that his action should be beneficent, and with ideas in his brain that made life interesting quite apart from the *cultus* of horseflesh and other mystic rites of costly observance, which the eight hundred pounds left him after buying his practice would certainly not have gone far in paying for. He was at a starting-point which makes many a man's career a fine subject for betting, if there were any gentlemen given to that amusement who could appreciate the complicated probabilities of an arduous purpose, with all the possible thwartings and furtherings of circumstance, all the niceties of inward balance, by which a man swims and makes his point, or else is carried headlong. The risk would remain, even with close knowledge of Lydgate's character; for character too is a process and an unfolding. The man was still in the making, as much as the Middlemarch doctor and immortal discoverer, and there were both virtues and faults capable of shrinking or expanding. The faults will not, I hope, be a reason for the withdrawal of your interest in him. Among our valued friends is there not some one or other who is a little too self-confident and disdainful; whose distinguished mind is a little spotted with commonness; who is a little pinched here and protuberant there with native prejudices; or whose better energies are liable to lapse down the wrong channel under the influence of transient solicitations? All these things might be alleged against Lydgate, but then they are the periphrases of a polite preacher, who talks of Adam, and would not like to mention any thing painful to the pew-renters. The particular faults from which these delicate generalities are distilled have distinguishable physiognomies, diction, accent, and grimaces; filling up parts in very various dramas. Our vanities differ as our noses do: all conceit is not the same conceit, but varies in correspondence with the minutiæ of mental make in which one of us differs from another. Lydgate's conceit was of the arrogant sort, never simpering, never impertinent, but massive in its claims, and benevolently contemptuous. He would do a great deal for noodles, being sorry for them, and feeling quite sure that they could have no power over him: he had thought of joining the Saint Simonians when he was in Paris, in order to turn them against some of their own doctrines. All his faults were marked by kindred traits, and were those of a man who had a fine baritone, whose clothes hung well upon him, and who even in his ordinary gestures had an air of inbred distinction. Where, then, lay the spots of commonness? says a young lady, enamored of that careless grace. How could there be any commonness in a man so well-bred, so ambitious of social distinction, so generous and unusual in his views of social duty? As easily as there may be stupidity in a man of genius if you take him unawares on the wrong subject, or as many a man who has the best will to advance the social millennium might be ill inspired in imagining its lighter pleasures; unable to go beyond Offenbach's music, or the brilliant punning in the last burlesque. Lydgate's spots of commonness lay in the complexion of his prejudices, which, in spite of noble intention and sympathy, were half of them such as are found in ordinary men of the world: that distinction of mind which belonged to his intellectual ardor did not penetrate his feeling and judgment about furniture, or women, or the desirability of its being known (without his telling) that he was better born than other country surgeons. He did not mean to think of furniture at present; but whenever he did so, it was to be feared that neither biology nor schemes of reform would lift him above the vulgarity of feeling that there would be an incompatibility in his furniture not being of the best.

As to women, he had once already been drawn headlong by impetuous folly, which he meant to be final, since marriage at some distant period would, of course, not be impetuous. For those who want to be acquainted with Lydgate it will be good to know what was that case of impetuous folly, for it may stand as an example of the fitful swerving of passion to which he was prone, together with the chivalrous kindness which helped to make him morally lovable. The story can be told without many words. It happened when he was studying in Paris, and just at the time when, over and above his other work, he was occupied with some galvanic experiments. One evening, tired with his experimenting, and not being able to elicit the facts he needed, he left his frogs and rabbits to some repose under their trying and mysterious dispensation of unexplained shocks, and went to finish his evening at the theatre of the Porte Saint Martin, where there was a melodrama which he had already seen several times; attracted, not by the ingenious work of the collaborating authors, but by an actress whose part it was to stab her lover, mistaking him for the evil-designing duke of the piece. Lydgate was in love with this actress, as a man is in love with a woman whom he never expects to speak to. She was a Provençale, with dark eyes, a Greek profile, and rounded majestic form, having that sort of beauty which carries a sweet matronliness even in youth, and her voice was a soft cooing. She had but lately come to Paris, and bore a virtuous reputation, her husband acting with her as the unfortunate lover. It was her acting which was "no better than it should be," but the public was satisfied. Lydgate's only relaxation now was to go and look at this woman, just as he might have thrown himself under the breath of the sweet south on a bank of violets for a while, without prejudice to his galvanism, to which he would presently return. But this evening the old drama had a new catastrophe. At the moment when the heroine was to act the stabbing of her lover, and he was to fall gracefully, the wife veritably stabbed her husband, who fell as death willed. A wild shriek pierced the house, and the Provençale fell swooning: a shriek and a swoon were demanded by the play, but the swooning too was real this time. Lydgate leaped and climbed, he hardly knew how, on to the stage, and was active in help, making the acquaintance of his heroine by finding a contusion on her head and lifting her gently in his arms. Paris rang with the story of this death: was it a murder? Some of the actress's warmest admirers were inclined to believe in her guilt, and liked her the better for it (such was the taste of those times); but Lydgate was not one of these. He vehemently contended for her innocence, and the remote, impersonal passion for her beauty which he had felt before had passed now into personal devotion and tender thought of her lot. The notion of murder was absurd; no motive was discoverable, the young couple being understood to dote on each other; and it was not unprecedented that an accidental slip of the foot should have brought these grave consequences. The legal investigation ended in Madame Laure's release. Lydgate by this time had had many interviews with her, and found her more and more adorable. She talked little; but that was an additional charm. She was melancholy, and seemed grateful; her presence was enough, like that of the evening light. Lydgate was madly anxious about her affection, and jealous lest any other man than himself should win it and ask her to marry him. But instead of reopening her engagement at the Porte Saint Martin, where she would have been all the more popular for the fatal episode, she left Paris without warning, forsaking her little court of admirers. Perhaps no one carried inquiry far except Lydgate, who felt that all science had come to a stand-still while he imagined the unhappy Laure, stricken by ever-wandering sorrow, herself wandering, and finding no faithful comforter. Hidden actresses, however, are not so difficult to find as some other hidden facts, and it was not long before Lydgate gathered indications that Laure had taken the route to Lyons. He found her at last acting with great success at Avignon under the same name, looking more majestic than ever as a forsaken wife carrying her child in her arms. He spoke to her after the play, was received with the usual quietude, which seemed to him beautiful as clear depths of water, and obtained leave to visit her the next day; when he was bent on telling her that he adored her, and on asking her to marry him. He knew that this was like the sudden impulse of a madman—incongruous even with his habitual foibles. No matter! It was the one thing which he was resolved to do. He had two selves within him apparently, and they must learn to accommodate each other and bear reciprocal impediments. Strange that some of us, with quick alternate vision, see beyond our infatuations, and even while we rave on the heights, behold the wide plain where our persistent self pauses and awaits us.

To have approached Laure with any suit that was not reverentially tender would have been simply a contradiction of his whole feeling toward her.

"You have come all the way from Paris to find me?" she said to him the next day, sitting before him with folded arms, and looking at him with eyes that seemed to wonder as an untamed ruminating animal wonders. "Are all Englishmen like that?"

"I came because I could not live without trying to see you. You are lonely; I love you; I want you to consent to be my wife: I will wait, but I want you to promise that you will marry me—no one else."

Laure looked at him in silence with a melancholy radiance from under her grand eyelids, until he was full of rapturous certainty, and knelt close to her knees.

"I will tell you something," she said, in her cooing way, keeping her arms folded. "My foot really slipped."

"I know, I know," said Lydgate, deprecatingly. "It was a fatal accident—a dreadful stroke of calamity that bound me to you the more."

Again Laure paused a little, and then said, slowly, "*I meant to do it.*"

Lydgate, strong man as he was, turned pale and trembled: moments seemed to pass before he rose and stood at a distance from her.

"There was a secret, then," he said at last, even vehemently. "He was brutal to you: you hated him."

"No! he wearied me; he was too fond: he would live in Paris, and not in my country; that was not agreeable to me."

"Great God!" said Lydgate, in a groan of horror. "And you planned to murder him?"

"I did not plan: it came to me in the play—*I meant to do it.*"

Lydgate stood mute, and unconsciously pressed his hat on while he looked at her. He saw this woman—the first to whom he had given his young adoration—amidst the throng of stupid criminals.

"You are a good young man," she said. "But I do not like husbands. I will never have another."

Three days afterward Lydgate was at his galvanism again in his Paris chambers, believing that illusions were at an end for him. He was saved from hardening effects by the abundant kindness of his heart and his belief that human life might be made better. But he had more reason than ever for trusting his judgment, now that it was so experienced; and henceforth he would take a strictly scientific view of woman, entertaining no expectations but such as were justified beforehand.

No one in Middlemarch was likely to have such a notion of Lydgate's past as has just been faintly shadowed, and indeed the respectable towns-folk there were not more given than mortals generally to any eager attempt at exactness in the representation to themselves of what did not come under their own senses. Not only young virgins of that town, but gray-bearded men also, were often in haste to conjecture how a new acquaintance might be wrought into their purposes, contented with very vague knowledge as to the way in which life had been shaping him for that instrumentality. Middlemarch, in fact, counted on swallowing Lydgate and assimilating him very comfortably.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

Rev. Mr. Clift, of Mystic Bridge, Connecticut, a well-known fish-culturist, has suggested the propriety of taking measures to stock the waters of the Mississippi Valley with shad. It is known that the shad, originally peculiar to the waters of the Atlantic coast, has within a few years past been introduced into the Altamaha and other tributaries of the Gulf of Mexico, where, it is said, they have multiplied to a considerable extent. No special steps have, we believe, been taken to introduce them into the Mississippi River; and it would, therefore, seem eminently proper that the experiment should be undertaken. The cost of transferring several millions of eggs from the State establishments in Connecticut, New York, or New Jersey would be but trifling—a few thousand dollars, in all probability, being sufficient for the purpose.

It is well known that Mr. Seth Green transferred successfully a large number of living young trout from the Hudson to the Sacramento last summer, and the much shorter distance of the journey to the Ohio, Mississippi, and other Western waters, would be greatly in favor of the experiment. It is not impossible that an appeal will be made to Congress for the necessary funds to carry out this enterprise, as the majority of the States of the Union would be benefited by a successful result.

We have just received intelligence of the death of Mr. W. Harper Pease, at Honolulu, about the last of July. This gentleman was an American, born, we believe, in Pennsylvania, and was occupied for a long period in natural history pursuits. During the Mexican war he visited that country, under the protection of our army, and made extensive collections of birds, which were deposited in the Academy of Natural Sciences at Philadelphia—among them some new species described by Mr. Cassin. About the year 1858 he visited the Sandwich Islands, and occupied himself for a time as a surveyor, and was sufficiently well pleased with the climate and country to remain there, marrying a native, and adapting himself to the customs of the people.

During the whole of his residence in Polynesia he was engaged in studying the mollusca of the Sandwich Islands, and gradually extended his research to the species of all the Polynesian group, making collections either directly or through the medium of Mr. Garrett and others. Numerous communications from his pen upon Polynesian conchology have appeared in the *Journal de Conchyliologie*, of Paris, the *Conchological Journal*, of Philadelphia, the Proceedings of the Zoological Society of London, and elsewhere, and he has long been recognized as a thorough naturalist and reliable author. He had accumulated around him at Honolulu a very large library of conchological works, which, indeed, lacked few if any of the more important treatises. He enriched the principal cabinets of America and Europe by furnishing extensive collections, by which means he obtained, in part, the facilities for procuring the books needed for his investigations. He was for several years in ill health, and his death by consumption was not at all unexpected by his friends.

Dr. John Rae, formerly well known for his labors in the way of arctic exploration, replies to the proposition of Mr. Markham to prosecute polar exploration by way of Smith Sound by taking the ground that a course along the west shore to the north of Spitzbergen is by far the best. He states that at Spitzbergen a vessel can always get as far as 80° north, and perhaps farther, while the farthest latitude attained by ships through Smith Sound is only 78° 40′. He thinks that by following the Spitzbergen route, and then taking sledges, the object aimed at can be reached with greater certainty than from any other direction. The amount of travel by sledges will not be over 1400 geographical miles, and this is not beyond the power of sledges to accomplish.

At a late meeting of the Asiatic Society of Bengal a collection of chipped flint implements was exhibited by Mr. Blanford, found about forty miles west of Bhadrachalan, on the Godavery. The forms of these implements were those most frequently found in the French gravels, and varied in length from three to five inches. The place where they occurred was in a dense jungle, and the implements had evidently been chipped from pebbles.

Among the telegraphic announcements and newspaper articles relating to the recent great fire in Chicago it is remarkable that no mention has been made of the building of the Academy of Sciences, which perished in the conflagration. This institution was one of great prominence in the scientific world, and was, indeed, the scientific representative of the entire Western country. Foreign journals, however, do not seem to have shared in this indifference or ignorance, since they come to us filled with lamentations at the loss, and express warm sympathy and respect for Dr. Stimpson, the eminent director of the Academy. Referring to a suggestion that the destruction of the library of the Academy had greatly crippled Dr. Stimpson and his colleagues, in causing a lack of works of reference, the *Athenæum* warmly indorses the suggestion that the learned societies of Europe, and scientific men generally, hasten to present copies of their publications to that institution as their contribution to the cause. This, we trust, may be acted upon, and in so hearty a manner as measurably to relieve the deficiency indicated.

Among the many works published by the United States government, or at its expense, there are few that exceed in intrinsic value, as well as in beauty, the volumes hitherto printed belonging to the series of reports made by Mr. Clarence King, of his geological and other explorations of the region along the fortieth parallel of latitude. This expedition is still occupied in carrying out the work assigned to it by the Engineer Department of the army, while reports are now being made of such portions of the work as have been completed.

It is nearly a year since the volume upon the mining industry of the Sierra Nevada and other mineral regions of the West was published, as prepared mainly by Mr. J. D. Hague (one of Mr. King's assistants), but including articles by Mr. King himself, and other members of the corps. This was accompanied by a large atlas of plates, and contained full details of all the methods of metallurgical operations and manipulations, together with drawings of machinery, plans of mines, sketches of mining geology, etc. This book has been received with great favor every where, and has redounded greatly to the credit of the United States, first in authorizing the research, and then in publishing the results in so superior a style.

We now have to chronicle the appearance of another volume of the series—namely, the Botany, as prepared under the direction of Mr. Sereno Watson, the botanist of the expedition. This constitutes volume five of Mr. King's reports, and number eighteen of the professional papers of the Engineer Department of the army. The work embraces a report upon the geography, meteorology, and physics of the region explored as connected with the general botany of the country, catalogues of the known plants investigated, descriptions of new genera and species, and various appendices; these accompanied by forty plates of new or rare species.

Another volume of the series is now in press, and will include the zoological portion, as furnished by Mr. Robert Ridgway. This will probably appear in the course of a few months.

It is not many years since the works published by the National Printing-Office in Washington were a by-word and reproach on account of the carelessness of their execution and general inferiority to those of private establishments; and efforts were continually made, on the part of those who valued the dress in which their reports were to appear, to obtain the privilege of having their printing done under other auspices. With such examples, however, as this report of Mr. King's, and others which have lately made their appearance, we may safely claim for our government establishment the ability to produce scientific works in a style, as regards press-work, paper, engraving, and binding, scarcely to be equaled, and not to be excelled.

The scientific tendency of the age, manifested in the continual springing up of new associations in different parts of the country, receives an additional illustration in the establishment of the Natural History Society of Marquette, Michigan, which was organized during the month of December, under the presidency of Dr. Hewitt.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

The Nineteenth Annual Report of the Children's Aid Society gives an interesting *résumé* of the work of the year and the financial condition of the society. The embarrassment for funds has been such as to give rise to the fear that it might be necessary to close some of the industrial schools. In regard to this matter the treasurer remarks:

> "That our condition may be clearly understood, it seems necessary to say, at the outset, that the financial report this year will be very different from what it would have been had not this society, in common with others, been exposed to the consequences of frauds and misappropriation of moneys by the New York city officials. The amount thus withheld or stolen is upward of thirty thousand dollars! Twenty thousand of this sum, duly appropriated by special law, and eleven thousand provided for by general law (which makes partial provision for pupils in industrial schools), ought long ago to have been paid into our treasury. If it had been, the society would have been entirely free from debt, with a fair working balance in hand at the close of the fiscal year, while our present exhibit shows a debit of $27,000 for money borrowed to carry us through."

There are nineteen industrial schools under the charge of the Children's Aid Society, which have been kept in full and successful operation during the past year, and eleven night schools were taught during the winter. The registers of the schools show that 9429 different scholars were instructed, and that the average daily attendance was 2847.

The recent illness of the Prince of Wales has brought to the notice of the English public the fact that there are annually in that country 100,000 cases of typhoid fever. The majority of these cases may be distinctly traced to the impurities in the drinking water from improper drainage. The condition of the villages around Sandringham especially illustrates the fact, and the evil is evidently wide-spread. The Prince himself might well strongly advocate active legislation on this subject.

A messenger of the Metropolitan National Bank, an esteemed man, about sixty years of age, was recently robbed in Broadway of checks, drafts, and gold certificates to the amount of over eighty thousand dollars. Some pungent liquid was thrown in the eyes of the messenger, and his wallet snatched from his pocket in broad daylight.

The fifty-dollar counterfeit of the new greenback issue, series of 1869, can be readily distinguished by the poor quality of the engraving and paper. The special marks of difference between it and the genuine note are thus specified: The large red seal of the Treasury in the centre of the note, the cycloid, a number of panel ornaments with scrolls, are wanting in the counterfeit. The feet of the figure on the left side of the counterfeit are badly drawn also. Upon the right arm, as seen upon the genuine note, is a bracelet strongly defined, while in the counterfeit it is hardly perceptible. Upon the upper left corner of the note is a shield with the monogram "U. S.," under which is a ribbon with the motto: "E Pluribus Unum:" in the genuine it is quite readable, while in the counterfeit it is blurred and the letters are badly formed. Over the letter "U" of the title "United States" is the lettering, "Series of 1869." Between the words "series" and "1869" in the genuine there is a small flourish; in the counterfeit there is none.

The masonry of the East River Bridge is slowly rising on the New York side, having reached somewhat above sixteen feet. About four hundred cubic yards of mud and sand are removed every day, 140 men being employed in the work of excavation. Thirteen air-engines are provided to supply air to the workmen engaged in excavating, though only a part of these are used at one time.

Oran was a small town on the borders of Bolivia, in South America. Reports of a disastrous earthquake there came by telegraph some time ago. Now further particulars have been received by the Buenos Ayres journals. The whole town has disappeared. One evening late in October the shocks commenced about eleven o'clock, and continued until eight the next morning. The inhabitants fled after the first shock, but the houses fell in confused heaps of ruins. Only two persons were killed, though many were injured.

The latest woman's-rights item comes from France. A beautiful lady living in Boulogne sent a challenge to the publisher of a humorous journal, who had "twice concerned himself with her private affairs." A formal acceptance of the duel was returned, the choice of arms was waived, but a decided preference for those of the lady herself was expressed. Reconciliation followed, and the wedding trip is to the United States.

Torquay has the prospect of enjoying a fashionable season during the next few months. The rumor having been current that the Prince of Wales was to spend a short time at Torquay, the Baroness Burdett Coutts has offered him the use of her mansion—Ehrenberg Hall. One of the suit of the Emperor Napoleon has been at Torquay to look for apartments for Napoleon and Eugénie; and there is a probability that the Queen of Holland may be added to the number of illustrious visitors.

The imperial Alexis has distinguished himself on the plains of Colorado. He appears to have entered with zest into the excitements of the chase, and to have made sad havoc among the buffaloes. Alexis himself brought down half a dozen in one day's sport, and the entire ducal party laid forty shaggy monsters low.

Not a week passes but some sad accident on the ice is reported. Boys are naturally venturesome, but their elders should give wholesome cautions. Seven boys recently attempted to cross the Acushnet River, near New Bedford, on the ice. The ice broke, and four of them were drowned.

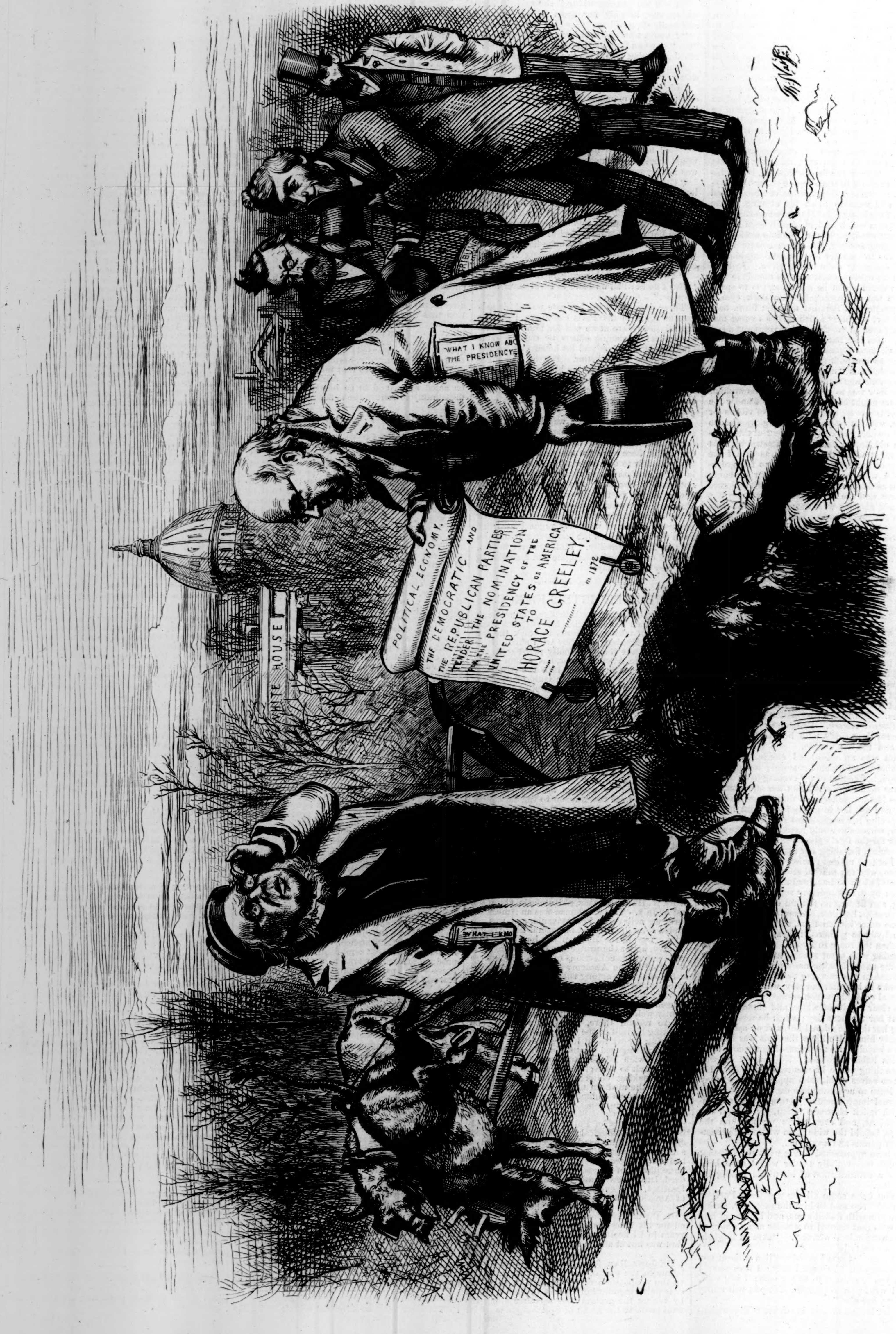
It is said that Vice-President Colfax has abandoned the use of tobacco.

Victor Hugo receives the snug little sum of $10,000 per annum from the copyright of his old novels sold in Paris.

In taking photographs it is well known that certain colors "come out" better than others. Lavender, lilac, and the light blues take white, and are, therefore, undesirable. Pink, magenta, crimson, pea-green, buff, ashes-of-roses, fawn and dove color, and the darker blues show a very pretty light gray in a photograph. Scarlet, garnet, sea-green, leather-color, and slate take still darker, and are excellent colors to photograph. Wine-color, the dark greens, dark orange, and red-brown take quite dark. One reason why photographs are often unsatisfactory is that many persons put on an extra amount of ornaments, so that they are taken in a style different from their ordinary one. Simple dress is far more desirable and pleasing. And it is also needful to sit for one's picture when the mind is untroubled, and when one is not hurried.

A petition, signed by about 40,000 citizens of New York city, has been presented to the directors of Cooper Institute, asking that the library and reading-room of the Institute be kept open on Sunday, for the benefit of those who have no time to visit them on week-days, and as a wholesome influence to others who might thereby be kept from dissipation on that day.

The lives of one hundred and one German physicians were sacrificed in the last war. Of these, six died on the battle-field, and sixty-six suffered from gunshot wounds.


WHITE HOUSE
WHAT I KNOW ABO
THE PRESIDENCY
TRIBUNE
POLITICAL ECONOMY.
THE DEMOCRATIC AND
THE REPUBLICAN PARTIES
TENDER THE NOMINATION
FOR THE PRESIDENCY OF THE
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA
TO
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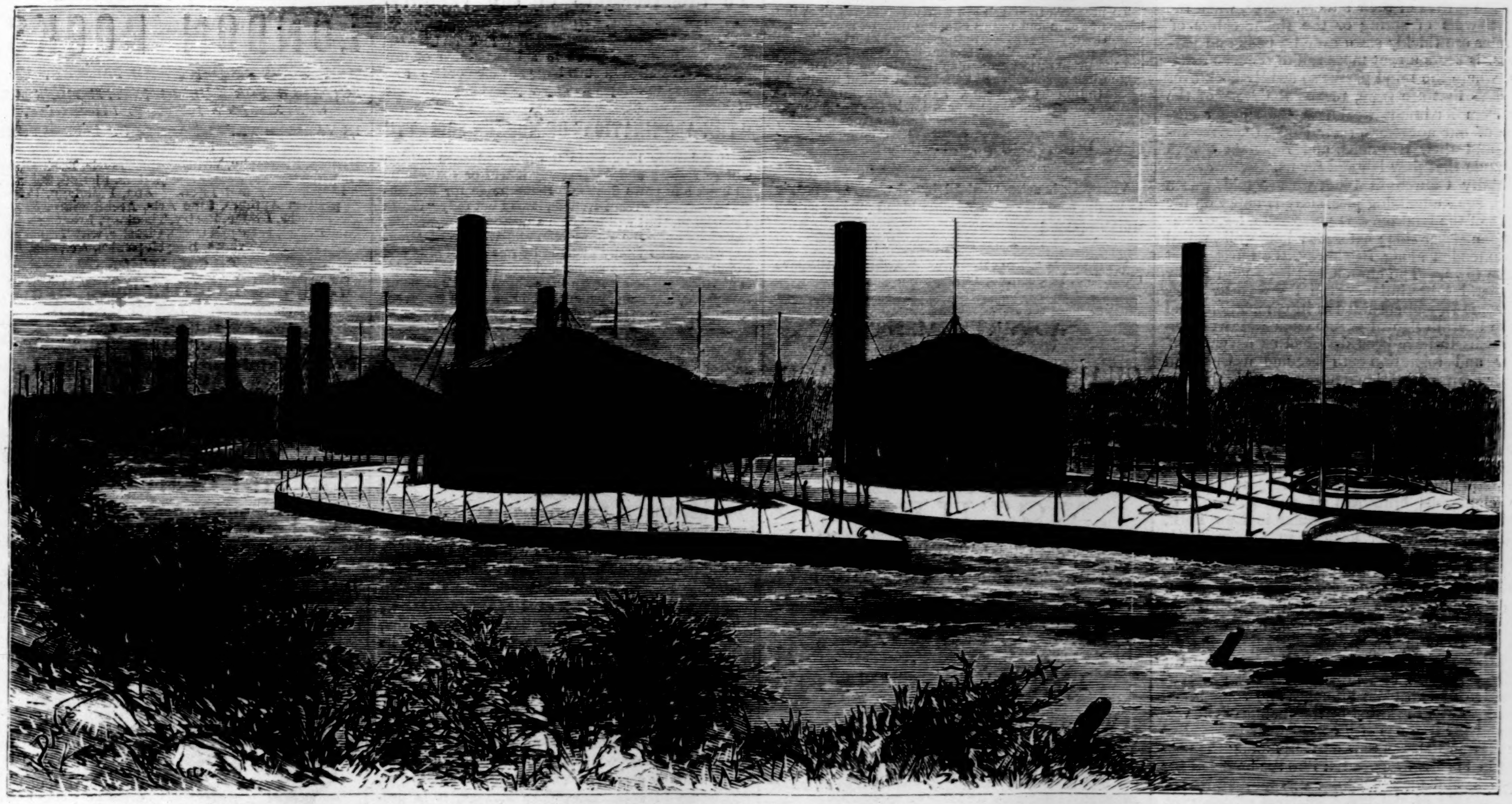
CINCINNATUS.

H. G. THE FARMER RECEIVING THE NOMINATION FROM H. G. THE EDITOR.



MONITOR HARBOR, AT LEAGUE ISLAND, PENNSYLVANIA.—[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY R. NEWELL & CO., PHILADELPHIA.]

THE MONITORS AT LEAGUE ISLAND.

THERE are fifty-four iron-clad monitors now in the service of the United States, some of them sea-going vessels, and others destined merely for harbor or coast defense. Of this number the majority are stationed at New Orleans and other convenient points, and the remaining twenty-four in the Delaware River, off League Island. Of the latter perhaps two-thirds are in effective condition, while the rest are almost ready to drop in pieces, owing to the poor quality of the woodwork used in their construction.

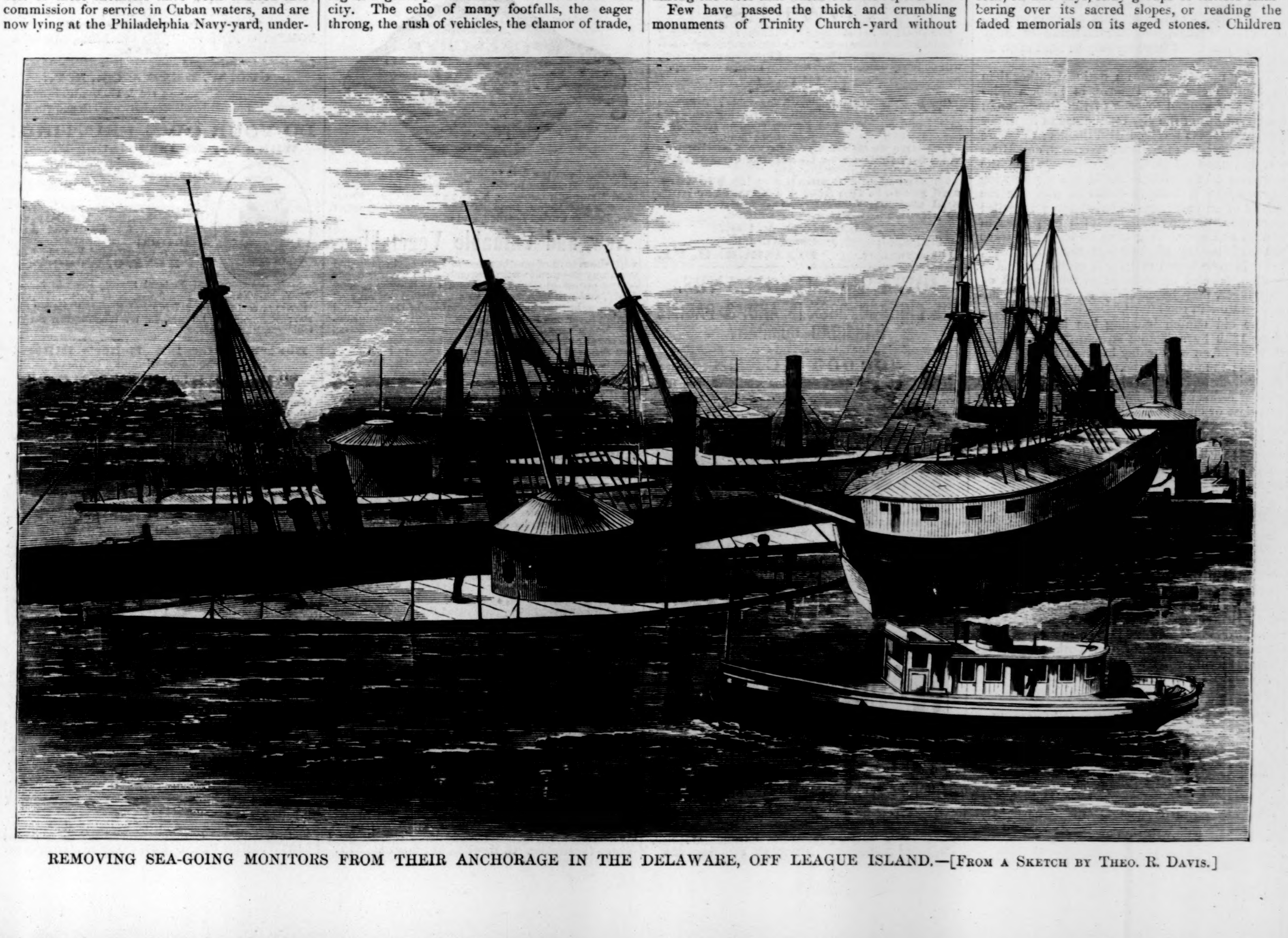
The League Island flotilla has been admirably sketched by our artist, as may be seen in the illustrations on this page. The first picture represents the fleet in position in Monitor Harbor, and the second the operation of towing the sea-going vessels from their anchorage. Five of the best of these monitors have been ordered into commission for service in Cuban waters, and are now lying at the Philadelphia Navy-yard, undergoing the necessary repairs to fit them for sea. The names of the vessels are the *Canonicus*, *Manhattan*, *Wyandotte*, *Saugus*, and *Ajax*, each one of which carries two fifteen-inch guns of approved pattern. The *Wyandotte* and *Ajax* have never been in battle, but the others have brilliant war records. To the *Manhattan* belongs the credit of being the only vessel whose shots penetrated the iron sides of the rebel ram *Tennessee* in the memorable engagement in Mobile Bay, thus disabling the enemy, and compelling him to hoist the white flag. The *Canonicus*, with the *Saugus*, did excellent service at Fort Fisher, where both vessels proved themselves formidable antagonists.

TRINITY CHURCH-YARD.

THERE is always something singularly touching in a grave-yard in the midst of a crowded city. The echo of many footfalls, the eager throng, the rush of vehicles, the clamor of trade, seem to reproach its silence, and to make still more solitary and quiet the scenes dedicated to a last repose. Amidst the waving foliage, the grassy lawns, the sighing winds, and the free landscapes of the country, it might be natural to lie down and be at rest; but here, where all is vigor and movement, we are almost startled to encounter the stillness of the tomb. Yet the city church-yard has its own touching and peculiar charm. It already belongs to an earlier generation, and must soon pass wholly away. Its crowded monuments are nearly all crumbling beneath the touch of Time. Its last habitations are nearly all tenanted. It lies like a peaceful mirror by the rapid flow of life, in which fierce ambition and eager avarice may trace their own vanity, and humble piety gaze with ever-living hope. In spring and summer gentle hands cover its breast with the rarest flowers. The winds of winter seem to lose their harshness as they sigh among the trees that watch over its repose.

Few have passed the thick and crumbling monuments of Trinity Church-yard without being softened into a momentary reflection. It was laid out in the colonial period, and every thing around it indicates its antiquity. It is filled, as is shown in our illustration on page 129, with broken tombstones, faded inscriptions, and neglected graves. At first it was in the country; and no one probably supposed, a century ago, that the city would ever press too rudely on the sacred precinct. But with freedom came a rapid growth; Wall Street was the centre of the commerce of a continent; and to-day the venerable grave-yard, where sleeps many a banker or broker, lies in the midst of the haunts of trade. It is now seldom used; but possibly there may be sermons in its crumbling stones that are sometimes heard amidst the din of commerce, and lessons of charity and humility that are not always neglected by the throngs that pass swiftly at its side.

In Trinity Church-yard may be constantly seen, on fine days, stray groups of visitors clambering over its sacred slopes, or reading the faded memorials on its aged stones. Children



REMOVING SEA-GOING MONITORS FROM THEIR ANCHORAGE IN THE DELAWARE, OFF LEAGUE ISLAND.—[FROM A SKETCH BY THEO. R. DAVIS.]

play among its monuments, or old men tread over the graves of their fathers. Nor, when the first flowers of spring or the richer colors of summer are thickly sown over its beds and parterres, is there a spot more full of tender memories, where the mind passes so swiftly back over the days that are gone, recalls the story of the city from its infant weakness, the simpler customs of our ancestors, their trials, their resolution, and their triumphs, and remembers with gratitude that they labored for us.

Trinity Church in 1696, we are told, was a small, square building pleasantly situated on the banks of the Hudson. It possessed a large cemetery on either side; before it a long walk, railed off, extended along Broadway, the finest street of the town. The church had been paid for by a general subscription—even the wealthy Jews and some Dissenters aided in its completion; and in the liberal reign of William and Mary Trinity seems to have been designed as a centre of unity and toleration—to become a Christian rather than a sectarian church. With the rule of the Tories under Queen Anne, with the unprincipled ministry of Bolingbroke and Oxford, corrupt politicians stimulated religious differences in England and America, and the mild teachings of Tenison, Tillotson, Burnet, of Addison and Berkeley, were forgotten amidst the clamorous bitterness of Sacheverell or Swift. Trinity grew unpopular in New York, and the aldermen, or justices, in 1714 were inclined to stop the payment of the rector's salary. It was then collected from the whole city.

In the mean time the church was enlarged; it was the finest place of public worship in New York. Its altar-piece, its chandeliers of glass, the gilt busts of angels, winged, supporting the galleries, the organ, and the chancel, were the gifts of English and provincials; the generous donation of two glass branches and some broad gold-lace was rewarded by the thanks of the vestry and the free use of a conspicuous pew. But the Revolution was now stirring among the people; in 1776 New York fell into the hands of the English, and their entrance was marked by the sudden ruin of the finest quarters of the city. In September the great fire began in the lower part of Whitehall Street, swept up Broadway on both sides, enveloped Trinity Church to leave it a blackened waste, passed onward, until it was repelled by the strong walls of new St. Paul's, and paused at the limits of Fulton Street. All Broadway, once the seat of opulence and pleasure, lay, during the war, in utter desolation. Robbers haunted its melancholy waste, and it was never safe to wander thither after nightfall.

During the Tory rule in the city the tall and blackened ruins of Trinity hung ominously over the neglected church-yard. Its clergy still inculcated doctrines of passive obedience and Anglican supremacy in St. Paul's, and ceased only with the return of freedom. A republican vestry was selected after 1784; a new church was built; moderation characterized its religious influence; its property rose in value, and its benefactions were extensive. Endowed with a great estate, once held or claimed by the English government, it was permitted to retain it, notwithstanding its recent alliance with the foreign invaders. Jay, Livingston, Duane, or Morris watched over its interests, and were the sureties of its future patriotism, and the names of many eminent leaders of freedom may be read upon its tombs.

It was now once more a national rather than an English church. It gave, in 1786, a valuable lot of ground to each of the Presbyterian congregations of the city for the use of its senior pastor, that was received with thanks; the more liberal principles of Ridley, Tenison, and Burnet governed its clergy; it acknowledged the tolerance of the community in sparing its wide possessions; it held its lands in trust for the spread of an unsectarian Christianity; it resiled from the corrupting influence of Tory politics in church and state. We have no leisure to trace the later history of the advancing corporation, yet it is to be hoped that the liberality and moderation, learned or enforced in the moment of its danger, may be carefully studied by its administrators in the future.

The old church building has been replaced since 1839 by a Gothic structure; the simpler services of an earlier day by the ritual of a cathedral; the music of the purer age by the clash of kettle-drums and the blare of the trumpet; the plainer forms of devotion by the perpetual song of priest or chorister. It is, indeed, doubtful if Jay, Duane, Moore, and Morris, who saved its property and renewed its existence, would be satisfied with the manner in which their benefactions have been returned, their injunctions neglected.

By an oversight in our issue of the 27th ult., the names of Directors of the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad Company were omitted from our remarks on that great work. A complete list will be found in the announcement of Messrs. Fisk & Hatch, on our last page. It will be noticed there are included such strong names as Messrs. C. P. Huntington, Wm. H. Aspinwall, A. A. Low, Jonas G. Clark, David Stewart, Wm. B. Hatch, and others of New York, a combination justifying what we then said of the Company and its managers.

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To the Readers of the Weekly.

The interest already excited in the forthcoming book from the pen of the noted T. DE WITT TALMAGE (whose portrait was given in a late number of this paper) has resulted in such large advance orders from the Trade as to compel us to postpone the publication of

"THE ABOMINATIONS OF MODERN SOCIETY"

until February 10th, when the *third* advance edition will be ready; and on that day it will be for sale by all book and news dealers. Remarkable for brilliancy, power, and suggestiveness, it will not only "create a sensation," but will produce a profound impression, especially upon the Young Men and Women of America, who are so vitally affected by our Social Sins and Popular Vices. The scope and nature of this significant work will be set forth in the next week's issue of this paper, last page, when the contents will be given.

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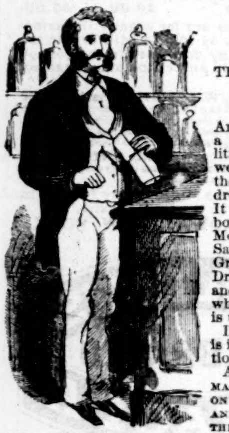

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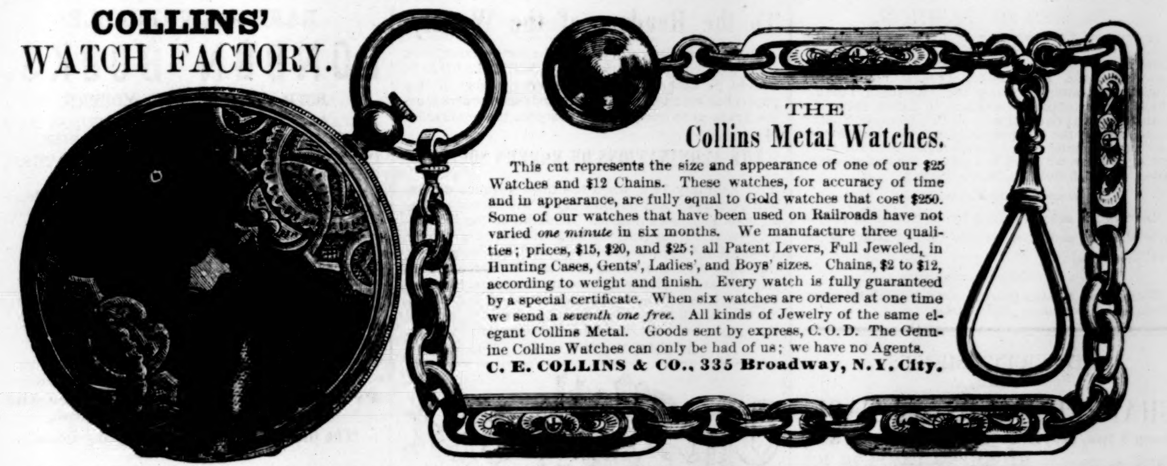

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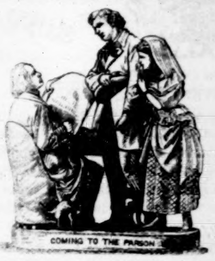

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